

SEPTEMBER,

1882.

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# FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1882:

Prepared expressly for ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, by THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING CO. [Limited].

FIGURE No. 1.—LADIES' MORNING TOILETTE.

FIGURE No. 1.—At home or abroad, at rural or sea-side resorts, the morning toilette here portrayed

will be extremely elegant. The material is lawn of a blue tint, and narrow white braid contributes to the stylish effect of the costume. The back is in handsome Princess style, with well curved center, side and side-back seams. The side-back seams extend some distance into the skirt, where they terminate in dart style. At the center and side seams, a pretty distance below the waistline, are left wide extra widths that are folded under so as to make the back skirt fall in two handsome, double box-plaits. At the front and sides the dress presents the effect of a deep, coat-like basque falling over nicely fitted front and side-gores; the fronts closing with hooks and loops nearly to the bottom of the basque portion and then flaring with a jaunty V effect. The closing is made quite elaborate by frog-like ornaments formed of the braid. Three rows of braid border all the edges of the basque portions and encircle the wrists of the sleeves, two rows trim the pretty rolling collar finishing the neck, while five add a pretty decoration to the skirt. The *lingerie* comprises a polka-dotted linen collar and cuffs, which may be replaced by lace *lingerie*, if desired.

Morning dresses of this style are often made of nun's-cloths, cashmeres, zephyrs and other gingham, white goods

nainsooks, lawns, Surahs, pongees, etc., and are frequently very elaborately garnitured with laces or embroideries. Plaitings, ruffles, contrasting bands, etc., are also pretty decorations for such dresses, and their disposal may be as the taste of the maker may desire. The dress is short, escaping the ground all the way around, thus rendering it a desirable mode for ladies who do part or all of their housework themselves, or for those who take pleasure in gardening and making beautiful their household. It is also an elegant style for shaping cloth, Cheviot or serge dresses for travelling uses, its simple yet stylish construction and the absence of puffy draperies making it especially comfortable for such purposes. The pattern to the dress is No. 8197 and is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. Price, 40 cents.

The stockings are of the same shade of blue as the dress, and are fancifully clocked with white floss. The shoes are low-cut and tied with pretty blue ribbons.

The jaunty hat is of rough-and-ready blue straw, wreathed about the crown with nodding white tips of the ostrich variety.



FIGURE No. 1.—LADIES' MORNING TOILETTE.



8206

Front View.



8206

Back View.

## CHILD'S GORED DRESS.

No. 8206.—This dress pattern is in 6 sizes for children from 1 to 6 years of age. To make the dress for a child of 6 years,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard 36 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard 48 inches wide, are needed. Price, 20 cents.



8196

Front View.



8196

Back View.

## GIRLS' FICHU.

No. 8196.—This fichu is here shown as made of plaid goods. The pattern is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age. It requires  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard of goods 22 inches wide in making the fichu for a girl of 8 years. Price, 10 cents.



8193

## LADIES' BATHING COSTUME.

No. 8193.—This pattern is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the costume for a lady of medium size, needs 6 yards of material 27 inches wide. Price, 35 cts.



8190

## LADIES' WRAPPER.

No. 8190.—This wrapper may be made up in any preferred variety of material adapted to house wear and trimmed to suit the fancy of the maker. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the garment for a lady of medium size,  $7\frac{1}{4}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or 5 yards 36 inches wide, or  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards 48 inches wide, will be required. Price of pattern, 35 cents.



8199

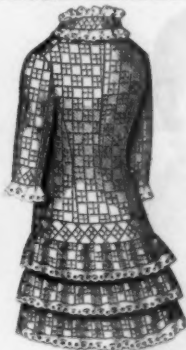
## LADIES' PLAIN POLONAISE.

No. 8199.—This pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. For a lady of medium size, it requires  $7\frac{1}{4}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $5\frac{1}{2}$  yards 36 inches wide, or  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards 48 ins. wide. Price, 35 cts.





8204

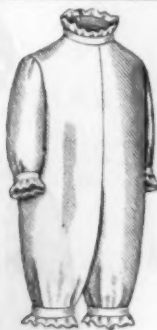


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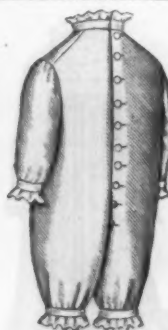
*Front View.**Back View.*

## GIRLS' COSTUME.

No. 8204.—This charming little costume pattern is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age, and costs 25 cents. To make the costume for a girl of 8 years, will require 3 yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard 36 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard 48 inches wide.



8205



8205

*Front View.**Back View.*

## CHILD'S NIGHT-DRAWERS.

No. 8205.—This pattern is in 10 sizes for children from 1 to 10 years of age. To make night-drawers for a child of 6 years, will require  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of goods 27 inches wide, or  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards 36 inches wide. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



8187

## LADIES' WALKING SKIRT.

No. 8187.—The pattern to this skirt is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure. To make the skirt, without the plaiting, for a lady of medium size, requires  $11\frac{1}{2}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $5\frac{1}{4}$  yards 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 35 cents.



8197

## LADIES' SHORT PRINCESS

No. 8197.—This convenient pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and is an exquisite mode for laces, percales, cashmeres and dress goods of all kinds. To make the dress for a lady of medium size, will require  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide, or 5 yards 48 inches wide, or 4 yards 54 inches wide. Price of pattern, 40 cents.



8201

## LADIES' WALKING SKIRT.

No. 8201.—To make this skirt for a lady of medium size, requires  $8\frac{1}{2}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $5\frac{1}{2}$  yards 36 inches wide, or  $4\frac{1}{4}$  yards 48 inches wide. The pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure. Price, 35 cents.

## DRESS, WITH BASQUE FRONT.

tern for a Princess dress is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and is an exquisite mode for laces, percales, cashmeres and dress goods of all kinds. To make the dress for a lady of medium size, will require  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide, or 5 yards 48 inches wide, or 4 yards 54 inches wide. Price of pattern, 40 cents.



8188

## GIRLS' COSTUME.

No. 8188.—This pattern is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age, and costs 25 cents. To make the costume for a girl of 7 years, needs 1 yard 22 inches wide for the yoke and sleeves, with  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards of other goods in same width for the body - portion.



8198

## GIRLS' COSTUME.

No. 8198.—This pattern is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age. To make the garment for a girl of 8 years, will require  $4\frac{1}{4}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards 36 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard 48 inches wide. Price, 25 cents.



## FIGURE NO. 2.—MISSES' COSTUME.

FIGURE NO. 2.—This consists of walking skirt No. 8184, and waist No. 8183. Both patterns are in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age: the waist costing 15 cents; and the skirt, 30 cents. To make the costume for a miss of 12 years, will require  $7\frac{1}{2}$  yards of material 22 inches wide: the skirt requiring 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  yards; and the waist, 2 yards. Of material 48 inches wide,  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards will suffice: the skirt needing  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards; and the waist, 1 yard.



8189

## GIRLS' APRON.

No. 8189.—This is a very charming apron for girls, and is made of plain gingham and trimmed with Hamburg. The pattern is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age. To make the apron for a girl of 7 years, needs  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard of material 36 inches wide. Price, 20 cents.



8202

## GIRLS' DRESS.

No. 8202.—This pattern is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age. To make the garment for a girl of 8 years, will require 3 yards of material 22 inches wide, of 2 yards of goods 36 inches wide. Price of pattern, 25 cents.

**NOTICE:**—We are Agents for the Sale of E. BUTTERICK & CO.'S PATTERNS, and will send any kind or size of them to any address, post-paid, on receipt of price and order.

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SUNRISE IN THE MOUNTAINS.—Page 596.

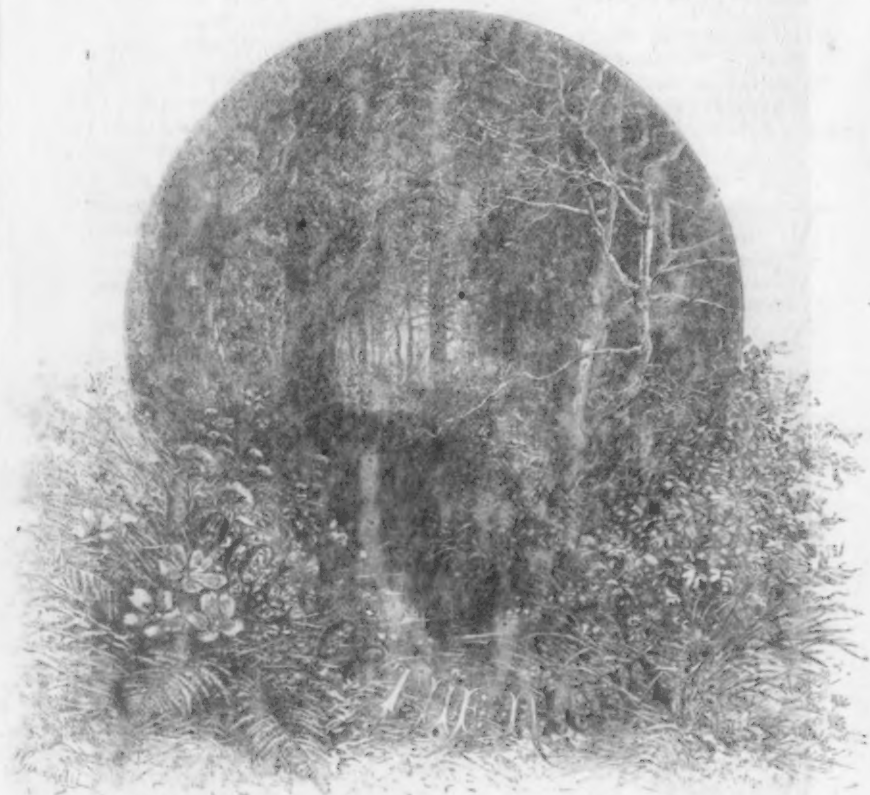


# ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

Vol. 7.

SEPTEMBER, 1882.

No. 9.



## HYMN TO THE NIGHT.

I HEARD the trailing garments of the night  
Sweep through her marble halls;  
I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light  
From the celestial walls!  
I felt her presence, by its spell of might,  
Stoop o'er me from above;  
The calm, majestic presence of the night,  
As of the one I love.  
I heard the sounds of sorrow and delight,  
The manifold, soft chimes,  
That fill the haunted chambers of the night  
Like some old poet's rhymes.

VOL. L.—35.

From the cool cisterns of the midnight air  
My spirit drank repose;  
The fountain of perpetual peace flows there—  
From those deep cisterns flows.

O holy night! from thee I learn to bear  
What man has borne before!  
Thou layest thy finger on the lips of care  
And they complain no more.

Peace! Peace! Orestes-like I breathe this prayer!  
Descend with broad-winged flight,  
The welcome, the thrice-prayed for, the most fair,  
The best-beloved night!

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

(511)



SUNRISE IN THE MOUNTAINS.—Page 226.

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H. W. LONGFELLOW.

(511)

## AT EVENTIDE.

WHAT spirit is it that doth pervade  
The silence of this empty room?  
And as I lift my eyes, what shade  
Glides off and vanishes in gloom?

I could believe, this moment gone,  
A known form filled that vacant chair,  
That those kind eyes upon me shone  
I never shall see anywhere!

The living are so far away;  
But *thou*—thou seemest strangely near;  
Knowest all my silent heart would say,  
Its peace, its pain, its hope, its fear.

AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

## NIGHT.

NIGHT is the time for rest;  
How sweet when labors close  
To gather round an aching breast  
The curtains of repose;  
Stretch the tired limbs and lay the head  
Down on our own delightful bed.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Night is the time to think;  
When from the eye the soul  
Takes flight; and on the utmost brink  
Of yonder starry pole,  
Discerns beyond the abyss of night  
The dawn of uncreated light.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Night is the time for death;  
When all around is peace,  
Calmly to yield the weary breath,  
From sin and suffering cease,  
Think of heaven's bliss and give the sign  
To parting friends—such death be mine.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

## FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

WHEN the hours of day are numbered,  
And the voices of the night  
Wake the better soul that slumbered  
To a holy, calm delight;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,  
And, like phantoms grim and tall,  
Shadows from the fitful firelight  
Dance upon the parlor wall;

Then the forms of the departed  
Enter at the open door;  
The beloved, the true-hearted,  
Come to visit me once more.

He, the young and strong, who cherished  
Noble longings for the strife,  
By the roadside fell and perished,  
Weary with the march of life!

They, the holy ones and weakly,  
Who the cross of suffering bore,  
Folded their pale hands so meekly,  
Spake with us on earth no more!  
And with them the Being beauteous,  
Who unto my youth was given,  
More than all things else to love me,  
And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep  
Comes that messenger divine,  
Takes the vacant chair beside me,  
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me  
With those deep and tender eyes,  
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,  
Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended  
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,  
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,  
Breathing from her lips of air.

Oh, though oft depressed and lonely,  
All my fears are laid aside,  
If I but remember only

Such as these have lived and died.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

## EVENING BRINGS US HOME.

UPON the hills the wind is sharp and cold,  
The sweet young grasses wither on the  
wold,  
And we, O Lord! have wandered from Thy fold;  
But evening brings us home.

Among the mists we stumbled, and the rocks  
Where the brown lichen whitens, and the fox  
Watches the straggler from the scattered flocks;  
But evening brings us home.

The sharp thorns prick us, and our tender feet  
Are cut and bleeding, and the lambs repeat  
Their pitiful complaints;—Oh, rest is sweet  
When evening brings us home.

We have been wounded by the hunter's darts;  
Our eyes are heavy, and our hearts  
Search for Thy coming;—When the light departs  
At evening, bring us home!

The darkness gathers. Through the gloom no star  
Rises to guide us; we have wandered far—  
Without the lamp we know not where we are;  
At evening, bring us home!

The clouds are round us, and the snow-drifts  
thicken,  
O, thou dear Shepherd! leave us not to sicken  
In the waste night; our tardy footsteps quicken;  
At evening, bring us home.

ANONYMOUS.



## HYMN.

THE night is come; like to the day,  
 Depart not thou, great God, away.  
 Let not my sins, black as the night,  
 Eclipse the lustre of Thy light.  
 Keep in my horizon: for to me  
 The sun makes not the day, but Thee.  
 Thou, whose nature cannot sleep,  
 On my temples sentry keep:  
 Guard me against those watchful foes  
 Whose eyes are open while mine close.  
 Let no dreams my head infest,  
 But such as Jacob's temple blest.  
 While I do rest, my soul advance;  
 Make my sleep a holy trance:  
 That I may, my rest being wrought,  
 Awake into some holy thought,  
 And with as active vigor run  
 My course as doth the nimble sun.  
 Sleep is a death: Oh, make me try,  
 By sleeping, what it is to die;  
 And as gently lay my head  
 On my grave as on my bed.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE. 1605-1682.

## EVENING SONG.

THE village bells, with silver chime,  
 Come softened by the distant shore;  
 Though I have heard them many a time,  
 They never rung so sweet before.

A silence rests upon the hill,  
 A listening awe pervades the air;  
 The very flowers are shut and still,  
 And bowed as if in prayer.

And in this hushed and breathless close,  
 O'er earth, and air, and sky, and sea,  
 A still, low voice, in silence goes,  
 Which speaks alone, great God, of Thee.  
 The whispering leaves, the far-off brook,  
 The linnet's warble, fainter grown,  
 The hive-bound bee, the building rook—  
 All these their Maker own.

Now nature sinks in soft repose,  
 A living semblance of the grave;  
 The dew steals noiseless on the rose,  
 The boughs have almost ceased to wave:  
 The silent sky, the sleeping earth,  
 Tree, mountain, stream, the humble sod,  
 All tell from whom they had their birth,  
 And cry, "Behold a God!"

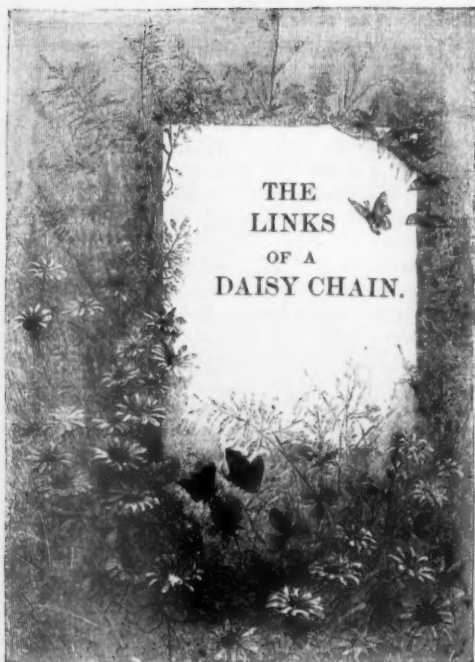
THOMAS MILLER.

HE who respects his work so highly, and does it so reverently that he cares little what the world thinks of it, is the man about whom the world comes at last to think a great deal.

## MADAME TUSSAUD.

THE career of the wonderful old lady who used nightly herself to receive the money she made by her famous wax-work exhibition in Baker Street, was one of the most singular. It is said that the late Duke of Wellington frequently enjoyed a gossip with Madame Tussaud; and it is not to be wondered at, for she was one of the few people who lived late into the first half of this century who could distinctly remember the great Revolution of '93, and who knew intimately almost every personage who figured in it, from the king and queen down to Robespierre and the infamous Marat. By birth a member of one of the most illustrious houses of Germany and the granddaughter of the famous Field-Marshal von Gressholtz, Madame Tussaud had exceptional opportunities for studying the various characters of her time. She was born at Berne, but, losing her parents when quite a child, was taken by an uncle to Paris and placed under the care of M. Curtius, her mother's brother, one of the leading spirits of the day. He was originally a medical man, but his fame rested chiefly upon his merits as a modeler in wax. In those days it was not permitted for students in the hospitals to mutilate the dead for anatomical purposes, and waxen images of the various parts of the human body were fabricated in order to facilitate their studies. These Curtius made to perfection, and later on he opened a museum in the Rue St. Honoré. Curtius was a brilliant conversationalist, and many writers on the French Revolution are inclined to believe that at his hospitable table, at which Voltaire, Rousseau, Franklin and Lafayette were wont to assemble, the great scheme of the mightiest of social revolutions was planned. His house was a kind of political club, and here his celebrated niece formed relationship with all the famous people of her time. She lived until 1851, being over ninety years of age when she died. To the last she was active, and her memory never failed her. Her character was a very singular one, and she was a brilliant conversationalist. As an artist in wax modeling she was most skillful. But it is not only as a modeler that she deserves fame; she also painted exquisitely in miniature. Her models are superb, and perhaps the best portraits of the leading men and women of the Revolution are those blackened wax masks which hang in the Chamber of Horrors, most of which were taken from life by her and deserve to be carefully reproduced. The model of Marat in the bath, taken immediately after assassination, is from her hand, as is also the original cast of Voltaire.

It is not enough that you keep your finger off from a man; you must not let your ill-natured or wicked thoughts touch him.



### A FLOWER SERMON.

BY REV. J. G. WOOD, M. A.

**A**MID these clustered flowers, whose varied raiment puts to shame the costliest products of man's loom and needle, and whose sweet perfumes are an ever-ascending incense kindled by the sunbeams and needing no earthly fire, we may dispense with a formal "text."

Or rather, we will follow the example of Our Lord, who took for a text the "Lilies of the field," and showed them to be, as St. Paul says of the tabernacle, its ornaments and ritual, types, tokens and shadows of things heavenly.

As we are living in England, and not in Palestine, the "Daisies of the field" must take the place of the "lilies," i. e., anemones, which blossomed on the ground trodden by the feet of their incarnate Maker, and so we will make the daisy our text this day.

Wordsworth, speaking of Peter Bell, a peddler, says:

"A primrose on the river brim  
A yellow primrose was to him,  
And it was nothing more."

The eye can only see that which it has the capability of seeing. Every one of us must remember, with some amount of humiliation, that innumerable wonders may exist before our eyes and yet that we have never seen them until they were pointed out to us.

In the course of his life, the peddler had traveled

England and Scotland, from the shores of Cornwall and the frowning Cheviots to Ayr and Aberdeen. Seashore, inland road and country lane were alike familiar to him.

"He roved among the dales and streams,  
In the green wood and hollow dell."

But for him Nature had no voice.

The flowers were blossoming upon the roads which he traveled, and might have enlivened his journey, but to him they had no real existence, and for aught that he knew they might have been so many clods or stones.

Now, we will suppose that a little child passes over the same ground and comes upon the flowers. He is enchanted with them, and they seem to him like fairyland. To a child, flowers are but pretty toys. He plucks as many as he can gather, and then sits down to play with them.

Some of the daisies he links into chains and hangs them round his neck. Others he ties up in bunches, and others he sets in the ground, making a fictitious garden with them. Others again he pulls to pieces, in the sheer wantonness of childhood, and after awhile, finding that the flowers are drooping, he becomes tired of them, flings them away, and thinks no more about them.

Now, there comes a professional gardener. He is learned in his own way, pedantic, full of strange "names" and modern instances, formal, conscientious and self-complacent.

He sees the daisy by the roadside and passes by over it as something far too despicable to have the honor of his notice. In his eyes it is a weed which must be exterminated whenever it shows itself in his garden. Daisies and primroses are to his mind all very well for children's toys, and he leaves them to the children.

Next comes a botanist.

He is exactly the converse of the florist. He despises artificially-developed flowers or fruit, and only cares for them as they grow naturally, unaffected by human interference.

He studies the structure of the plants—he generalizes and reduces them to system. Suppose that the daisy and primrose were new plants, and that the botanist happened to pass near them. His practiced eye would at once detect them, and he would sit down to study them.

Like the child, he would pull them to pieces, but the same act would have a widely different aspect. The child destroys the flower from mere wantonness, and thinks no more of it; but the botanist takes its different parts reverently asunder for the purpose of learning the mysteries which lie hidden within it.

Peter Bell would see no distinction in the botanist and the child, and with the contempt that is

born of ignorance, would despise the man of science as no better than a baby. It would be even impossible to explain to him the vast difference between the child and the man, because his uncultivated mind would be as incapable of receiving such ideas as a bare rock would be incapable of nourishing the flowers which he derides.

Now comes the physiologist, who takes up the study of the flower where the botanist has left it.

He analyzes the intimate structure of the flower. By the aid of the microscope, he discovers the wonderful system of cells and tissues which enable the daisy to hold up its head on so slender a stem, to yield to the fiercest blast and raise itself again as soon as the storm has passed.

He tries to discover, but as yet has not succeeded, the mechanism by which the daisy closes its flowers in the evening and opens them in the morning. In the animal world, he naturally looks for sinews and muscles, but among vegetables, there is neither nerve nor muscle, and yet there is movement precisely similar to that of many beings which are acknowledged to be animals.

The spectroscope reveals the character of the juices that circulate through the plant, and give one color to the leaves, another to the petals, and another to the yellow flowers that cluster together in the centre of the flower, and constitute the "eye" of the daisy.

Chemistry goes still farther, and resolves the entire structure into its constituent elements.

But the physiologist goes deeper still into his subject. He knows that if the daisy were nurtured in the dark, the leaves would not be green, the petals white-tipped with pink, and the florets yellow, but that the whole of the plant would be of a dull, sickly white.

If, when the flower dies, it is allowed to lie in the sunbeams, it is speedily "bleached," as we call the process. In other words, the sun gave the colors for the use of the plant as long as it lived, and when it died, the sun took its colors back again. The sun's rays are needed in order to give the plant its beauty. In the morning, the daisy responds to the earliest sunbeams by opening its petals to receive them, and in the evening it closes its petals until the sun shall again rise.

Every ray of light that falls upon the daisy, that gives green to its leaves and tinges its flowers with golden, yellow, white and pink, has been shot from the sun, and binds together the flower and the sun. Within the last few months it has been discovered that a ray of light can act the part of an electric wire, and that audible sounds can be transmitted by it. Now, let us bear in mind, that as the countless stars which stud the sky are all of them suns, and that some of their

rays must fall upon the daisy, it is evident that the daisy is linked by each ray not only to our own solar system, but to the suns of a universe too vast to be comprehended by any human intellect.

The physiologist, too, knows how the animal and vegetable worlds are so linked together that the present vegetables and present animals could hardly exist if either were deprived of the other. He knows that animals breathe atmospheric air, deprive it of its oxygen, and transmute it into carbonic acid gas, which is deadly poison to animal life.

He also knows that plants breathe carbonic acid gas and transmute it back again into oxygen for the use of animals. He knows that not a breath which is exhaled from his lungs is wasted, but is immediately inhaled by the countless mouths of the plants, and converted from a deadly poison into a necessary of life.

Here then is another link of the Daisy Chain, the flower being intimately connected with man by the mutual interchange of breath.

Again, the physiologist regards, with ceaseless wonder, the chemistry which draws the stem, the leaves, the flowers and seeds from the earth, employing as its only visible means the tiny white rootlets that look like mere structureless threads. Even the microscope and spectroscope give no help to him in unveiling this mystery, and he is obliged to acknowledge that the "ways of the Lord are past finding out."

Yet one more step. Hitherto we have been restricted to matter, but there are some who are not content with matter, but deal with substance, i. e., the mysterious essence which underlies (*sub-stans*) matter, and makes it to be what it is.

For example, within a square foot of the same soil we may see grass-blades, daisy, primrose and nettle.

They exist under precisely similar conditions, they are nourished by the same soil, they are watered by the same rain and dew, they breathe the same air, and are warmed by the same sun. To all external appearance, their root-fibrils are alike, and yet the invisible and intangible essence within the plants causes the fibrils to extract from the soil the long, parallel fibres of the grass blades and the flinty coating that strengthens their stems, the venom-bearing stings of the nettle, the soft, pale yellow petals of the primrose, and the radiating blossoms of the daisy.

Here, then, the daisy forms a link between the seen and the unseen world, that of which our senses can take cognizance, and that which, although our senses cannot discern it, our reason tells us must exist.

Lastly, we have one who recognizes this mystery of all living things, who feels in himself, too, the fact that man does not possess a spirit, but is

a spirit, and temporarily possesses a material body which brings him into connection with the material world in which he is temporarily placed by God's providence. He knows that as regards his spirit, he lives in the spirit world, just as regards his body he lives in the material world.

And this is the last link in the chain of wonder and mystery of this little flower of the field, its link with the spirit world and God.

How wonderful is the world in which we live, provided that our eyes are open to its wonders; and how reverently should we contemplate the meanest flower that our common Creator has taken the trouble of fashioning in such marvelous perfection! In a few hours these treasures of floral beauty will be dispensed to delight the eyes and gladden the hearts of those who are smitten with affliction. Let us hope that some, at least, of us may for the future look upon every flower with different eyes, and when we see even the humble daisy, may we see in it a link of the mystic chain that binds heaven to earth, and connects the world of temporal matter with that of eternal spirit.

### THE IMPORTANCE OF TRIFLES.

"**B**EING in the country," says a French writer, "I had an example of one of those small losses which a family is exposed to through negligence. For the want of a latchet of small value, the wicket of a barn-yard leading to the fields was often left open. Every one who went through drew the door to, but as there was nothing to fasten the door with, it was left flapping, sometimes open, sometimes shut. So the cocks and hens and chickens got out, and were lost."

"One day a fine pig got out and ran off into the woods; and after the pig ran all the people about the place—the gardener and the cook and the dairymaid. The gardener first caught sight of the runaway, and hastening after it, sprained his ankle, in consequence of which the poor man was not able to get out of the house again for a fortnight. The cook found when she came back from the pursuit that the linen she had left by the fire had fallen down, and was burning. And the dairymaid having in her haste neglected to tie up the legs of one of the cows, the cow had kicked a colt which was in the same stable, and broken its leg."

"The gardener's lost time was worth twenty crowns, to say nothing of the pain he suffered; the linen which was burned and the colt which was injured were worth much more. Here, then, was a heavy loss as well as much trouble, plague and vexation for the want of a latch which would not have cost threepence."

### UNDER THE MOUNTAIN SHADOWS.

**D**ANGER and excitement seem to be necessary to the happiness of a certain class of people, and were it not so, perhaps the vast resources of the Rocky Mountain region would never be developed, and the untold wealth of its mining districts might slumber forever in its hidden recesses.

Women will bid adieu to comfortable homes and follow their mountaineers into the wilderness and share the dangers with love and loyalty, as the following story from a miner's wife, will illustrate:

"We came to this wild region shortly after our marriage, and my husband built a comfortable cabin at the foot of the mountains, in which I remained while he was out prospecting for a claim. I was terribly homesick, sometimes, for it was lonely enough when he was away all day, and I tried to amuse myself by planning pleasant surprises for him; but I don't think I could ever have endured it if he had not always exclaimed when he came home at night, 'I should die if it were not for your presence, Clara, and I shall soon strike a rich claim and will get money enough in one year to take us back to our native State, and buy a farm that it would take us a lifetime to earn there.'"

"And so I managed to subdue the homesickness that would creep into the lonely hours, and to wait patiently for the gold that I felt sure that he would find."

"Luscious berries grew along the banks of the mountain streams, from crevices in the rocks, or wherever they could find soil enough for a footing, and drew moisture to their roots from the reservoirs beneath, and I used to go a little way from the cabin to gather them."

"One day I had wandered farther than usual, and after filling my basket with luscious fruit, I placed it at the foot of a tree and climbed to a higher point, to get a better view of the scenery. The air was pure and clear as ether, and so exhilarating that it almost made me feel as if I could fly as I stood there contemplating the grand and beautiful prospect before me."

"Far up the mountain, overhanging cliffs glittered with pendant icicles, which reflected the rays of light in all their prismatic coloring, while pure, soft snows were melting beneath the rays of the summer sun, and trickling down in ice-cold streams to the fertile vale below."

"Far down in the valley I could see the white tents of a miners' camping-ground, and echoing through the rocky chasms and mountain gorges I could hear the report of blasting rocks, where men were searching for golden treasures. I stood there drinking in the pure, exhilarating atmosphere, inhaling life and strength with every breath of mountain air, when my attention was attracted by a sound like the tread of some heavy animal."



"Somewhat startled, I immediately descended and hastened to the spot where I had left my basket. As I came up, I saw an enormous grizzly bear in the act of devouring my berries. I had approached very incautiously, and was within a few feet of the animal before I discovered him. He saw me at the same time, and evidently did not like the interruption. I had often read that when a person is unexpectedly brought face to face with a savage beast the proper thing to do is to look him square in the eye, until he is cowed by the superiority of mind over mere brutal instinct; and this was what I had always intended to do in case of an emergency like this. But some way, sitting in a pleasant parlor, a thousand miles away from such a danger, reading of *some one else* looking a ferocious animal square in the eye, doesn't seem exactly like standing face to face with a genuine grizzly bear which you have disturbed at his meal, with his fierce eyes glaring at you and long, sharp claws suggesting an embrace more affectionate than agreeable; and I had not taken more than one good look at him before I made up my mind that I wouldn't stare that animal out of countenance. There was not much time for reflection, but I remembered that I had seen an upright crevice in a rock a few rods away, and with all my speed and strength I ran toward it.

"Bruin uttered a deep, harsh growl and came after me. It seemed as if the very ground trembled under the weight of his ponderous frame as he tramped through the brush and over fallen logs which lay in the way, and I expected every moment to be felled to the earth by a blow from his enormous paw. But fear must have lent wings to my speed, for I reached the crevice and crowded myself into it just in time to escape. I could only get back about six feet from the mouth of the crevice, but it was too narrow to admit him.

"He pushed his head through as far as he could, then drew it back and reached for me with his paw; but the massive rocks were stronger than any fortress built by human hands, and I knew that I was in no danger of being devoured by him. But for all that, I didn't enjoy the situation.

"He looked in upon me longingly, and growled and sniffed in his disappointment. I shouted until I was hoarse, but the echo of my own voice was my only answer.

"He paced back and forth before the opening like a sentinel for about two hours, then lay down at the entrance and went to sleep.

"I grew tired of the situation, but reflecting that my husband would not miss me until he came home to dinner, and then would not know where to find me, did not help it any. I wondered if I should be obliged to pass the night there, and thought how ungrateful I had been to be lonely and homesick, when I had a whole cabin to move about in, instead of being crammed into a crevice

in the solid rock, in such small quarters that I could scarcely change my position. Then I wondered how John would feel if he hunted till night for me and was obliged to return to the cabin without me, and pass the night alone.

"You are altogether too comfortable, you hateful brute!" I said, picking up a piece of the loose rock and hurling it at him. It happened to strike him near the eye, and he got up with a growl, raised upon his hind feet and reached into the crevice after me again.

"I threw more pieces of rock. It was not so monotonous as standing still while he slept, and I determined that he should not rest peacefully while I was a prisoner.

"At length there was a report of several rifles fired in quick succession, and with a terrible growl, almost like a roar, bruin dropped to the earth. There was an expiring struggle, and it had scarcely ceased when my husband's face appeared at the opening.

"O John," I said, while my voice trembled with the strain which my nerves had endured, "I never was so glad to see you before in all my life."

"He was as pale as death, and his voice was so husky that I could scarcely understand what he said; but he gave his hand to help me out, and when I stepped into the clear sunlight, I thought he was going to faint away.

"There were half a dozen miners with him, and they all looked like pictures of astonishment.

"I had given up all hope of ever seeing you alive, Clara," he said, at length. "We found your basket crushed to pieces, and a fragment of your dress near the track of the bear, and I could see no chance for your escape."

"It would have been such a pity to ate up a woman in a country where there's such a scarcity of 'em," said an Irishman, who formed one of the company. "An' instid o' lamentin' over what might 'a' bin, let's get the baste ready to roast, and have a feast for ourselves, and ate in honor of the quick wit o' the lady that saved her husband from being a widower."

"This advice struck a responsive chord in the minds of the miners, and they prepared to follow it at once. But my husband's nerves had endured too great a shock to leave him any relish for merrymaking. He has found his claim, and in another year we shall have gold enough to enable us to leave this region for some beautiful home where grizzlies never come."

ISADORE ROGERS.

"I REMEMBER," says Wesley, "hearing my father say to my mother, 'how could you have the patience to tell that blockhead the same thing twenty times over?' 'Why,' said she, 'if I had told him but nineteen times I should have lost all my labor.'"

## A LIFE-PICTURE. IN FIVE PANELS.

### I.—A CHILD.

Like a gleam of sunshine breaking  
through a cloudy sky,  
Like a wayside blossom making  
bright a wearied eye,  
Like an April swallow bringing hope  
upon its wing,  
Like the voice of mavis singing in  
the early spring,  
Like—oh! like all sweet surprises,  
coming when or how,  
Is the vision fair that rises clear  
before me now;  
Vision of a little maiden counting  
years eleven,  
One with cares already laden—  
eldest-born of seven.  
But her cares bring naught of sad-  
ness, only make her strong,  
For her heart is full of gladness, and  
her life of song.



### II.—A WOMAN.

All the past is marked by stages  
—as a traveled way,  
Memory turns over pages filled  
from day to day.  
Turn them now with rapid finger,  
time has journeyed on;  
With the child we may not lin-  
ger, for the child is gone:  
Gone, but only as the petals fall  
from setting fruit;  
Moulded, as are molten metals,  
higher ends to suit.  
All the charm, revealed so  
sweetly, all the varied good  
In the child, shown more com-  
pletely crown her woman.  
hood.  
Service rendered "not by mea-  
sure," but to meet the claim,  
Duty done and reckoned plea-  
sure—this her constant aim.



### III.—A WIFE.

"They who over seas are ranging,  
far as they may fly,  
Not the mind within are changing  
with the change of sky;"  
"As the heart is, so the life is," live  
it where you will;  
"As the daughter, so the wife is,"  
both for good and ill.  
Proverbs true of her whose story I  
am glad to tell—  
Record not of gaining glory, but of  
living well.  
Strange is now each life-surrounding  
—land, and home, and name;  
Claims increase on claims abound-  
ing—she is still the same.  
"Safely trusting," justly "praising,"  
is "her husband's heart;"  
Simplest duties she is raising, doing  
well her part.

## IV.—A MOTHER.

Of a circle wide the centre long  
 the wife has been,  
 Steward of the treasures lent her,  
 of a realm the queen;  
 Ruling with a sceptre royal, with  
 a sceptre right,  
 Rolling over subjects loyal—own-  
 ing right her might;  
 Mother of her children, knowing  
 all the children's need;  
 Mother to her children, showing  
 motherhood indeed;  
 Sharing in the children's troubles  
 —half have ceased to be,  
 While the children's pleasure  
 doubles with her sympathy.  
 In the hours of soft caressing, in  
 the tasks of life,  
 She is blessed and she is blessing  
 —as when child and wife,



## V.—A HOME.

Look upon a landscape ending in  
 a sunlit sea—  
 Hill, and vale, and water blending,  
 all in union free;  
 Listen to the chorus swelling with  
 the growing morn—  
 Nature's voices blithely telling  
 that a day is born;  
 In the picture there is never dull  
 monotony,  
 In the music there is ever perfect  
 harmony.  
 Such the home with members  
 many who in mind are one,  
 And the things affecting any are  
 unfelt by none—  
 All possessing, using, sharing wis-  
 dom from above,  
 One another's burden's bearing—  
 law of perfect love.

GEORGE B. TAYLOR.



## ABOUT SUPERSTITION.

TO the sober, matter-of-fact and solemn observer of passing events in this most progressive period of the world's history, nothing can be more gratifying than the way science-loving parents and teachers have set themselves to the task of clearing away all that nonsensical rubbish of the past, the accumulated growth of centuries, those beliefs and notions now classed under the head of superstitions. What matters it if with the fall of the ruined tower the ivy that made it appear like a palace in dreamland, is uprooted? What matters it if when the mound is leveled the rose that grew there perished? they have already lingered too long; the work of our ancestors, the garlands of fancy, the flowers of imagination, what business have they in the work-day world of today?

When happy children gather about the pretty little insect known as the lady-bug, and in their artless glee, sing the old would-be rhyme,

"Lady-bug, lady-bug, fly away home,  
Your house is on fire and your children alone,"

which, if they are English children, they will be sure to do, or, if German, they, believing its home to be in the sun, will softly beseech of it to fly away up to heaven and bring back the sunshine, while they would not hurt it for the world, lest the sun would refuse to beam on them to-morrow, they are pounced down upon and in the next five minutes hear a sermon of such earnest severity as puts an end at once and forever to such behind-the-age foolishness.

This sermon will contain the solid and most useful information that it would have been an utter impossibility for this gay little creature to have come from or go back to the sun, that luminary being demonstrated to be ninety-two millions of miles, more or less, distant from our planet (the smallest child can comprehend the magnitude of this statement). And the theory of the house being on fire will also be exploded by the negative statements that no architect, stone-mason or carpenter has ever been known to be engaged in building cabin or cottage, mansion or palace, for such an inhabitant; further, that the statistics of no fire department show any effort ever being made by them to suppress or control any such conflagration. With this knowledge all the merry voices will be hushed, all the sunny eyes be dim, each little face be as blank as an empty breakfast plate.

And how delightful it is to see a kind-hearted little girl snubbed for throwing bread-crumbs to the red-breasted bird that does so love to linger near the homes of men—not snubbed for her kind-hearted generosity, but for calling it a robin, for feeding it with the understanding that it is the robin of poetry and song, when in reality we have no true robin in North America, our red-breast

being a species of thrush. And the soul must fairly expand itself with a consciousness of the triumph of truth when the child is made to understand that the beautiful ballad of the "Children in the Wood" is without any doubt a fiction, any tenderness shown to any bird by any child on account of said fiction, being accordingly a misplaced and wasted sentiment.

Only see how much has been gained; the robin is a myth, the wood was nowhere, and there were no children lost in it; they didn't die and the robin never covered them. Henceforth the bird will be heard without rapture and the bread-crumbs be given to the chickens or left for the mold and the mice.

And with what pleasure do we hear Johnny re-proved when he has admired the wonderful display of old Mr. Grunberg's flowers and vegetables. The fact of the garden's excellence is beyond dispute, but in the wordy harangue method of an itinerant popular lecturer before a country audience, Johnny is made to know that Mr. Grunberg is so superstitious as to plant everything in some particular sign of the moon, and that his planting in such times and seasons as his fathers did, is a piece of egregious and unpardonable folly, and henceforth the pinks and the roses, the peas and radishes of that garden will be nothing to Johnny, or he will behold them with his nose in the air, the while he thinks this prince of gardeners, his old-time good friend, Mr. Grunberg, little better than a lunatic. And the old man will miss the bright boy-face peering through his palings mornings and evenings—be deprived of the pleasure of answering all the wondering questions of interested boyhood. So error dies.

But it is when the strongholds of history are attacked and made to yield to modern contradiction that our complaisance is most complete. Marietta, with her soul all aglow with enthusiasm, may read how, when Mary Stuart, the beautiful Queen of Scots, so young and gay-hearted, was about to leave the shores of France, saw in the harbor before her a full-rigged vessel go down, that she shuddered and wept, seeing in it a type of her own fate, seeing for a moment the mysterious page of the future open to her gaze, showing her her royalty, her grace and her beauty overwhelmed in a disastrous sea of troubles, a sea whose surface was but now so calm and sunny. Marietta must be taught to ignore the fact that all this was fulfilled to the unfortunate queen, must be taught though that this was a very superstitious age, and that Mary Stuart was both ignorant and foolish. Then Marietta will feel the glow of enthusiasm fading away, will be vaguely satisfied with the superiority of the present over the past, but will never finish the book.

Freddie, so delighted with his new history, finds a vivid and splendid page containing an in-



cident in the trial of Charles the First. His eyes are full of tears, his lips tremble as the proud king is described when the golden head fell from his cane, as seeing in that an omen of his own doom, a conviction carried with him to the end of the dark tragedy, a doom that verified his fears and proved the omen a true one. Freddie, in the face of this fact, must be told this was only a coincidence, and that this belief of the king was idle and ridiculous, a whim that a king should have been ashamed of. So the boy tries to forget the page that has so thrilled him, blesses his stars he is not so great a dunce as this royal believer in omens, determines to read no more to-day and goes a-fishing. The next Sunday his father calls on him to read to him from a church history, when poor Freddie comes across this: "The great Cardinal Wolsey was in his early life informed by some fortune-tellers that he should have his end at Kingston. This his credulity interpreted of Kingston on Thames, which made him always to avoid the riding through that town, though the nearest way from his house to the court. Afterwards, understanding that he was to be committed, by the king's express orders, to the charge of Sir Anthony Kingston, it struck to his heart; too late perceiving himself to be deceived by the father of lies in his homonymous prediction." Freddie ponders on the ignorance of the past, the ignorance of kings and cardinals, gets away from this book as soon as possible, don't go a-fishing because of its being Sunday, but turns to a volume on angling in the hope it will suggest to him some means of securing better than his usual luck, for he is not yet so advanced in his matter-of-fact education as to discard this most important word in a fisherman's vocabulary, luck.

Once more he reads: "We here introduce an anecdote. Some fishermen on the coast of Norway finding a herring with strange markings on its sides like unto Gothic letters, sent it up to their king, who interpreted them to be a warning of his own death within a year, and this event did really take place in the prescribed time!" Poor Freddie, he is now puzzled, but his uncle, the professor, has shown up this king in his true colors. He tells Freddie, and we hear it and rejoice, the people of the north of Europe are descended from very unenlightened ancestors, even their kings being no wiser than they should be, but the Norwegian nonsense of this particular king, was, to say the least of it, inexcusable, and that the present inhabitants of this country, those enjoying the enlightenment of the grandest Republic the world ever saw, could not be scared to death by the markings on the side of a herring. Freddie must feel in his soul how much greater a living republican citizen is than a dead king. We, to be sure, may have our belief in the boy's entire devotion to the plain facts of common sense, somewhat shaken,

when we see him charming away his warts with a piece of stolen bacon, but never mind, after the warts are gone, the family physician (who tried all his skill to remove them, but in vain) will laugh so loudly, that Fred looking very red in the face, and foolish about the mouth, will make a graceful escape by declaring that if his warts are gone, he is not such a simpleton as to think the charm had anything to do with it. So truth triumphs.

When the family circle returns from listening to an eloquent lecture on the French Revolution, a lecture in which the orator has dwelt feelingly upon the fate of poor Marie Antoinette, and recall his picturesque and pathetic rehearsal of the queen's premonitions of coming danger from the sinister omens attending her nuptial festivities, the thunder-storm, the breaking down of the scaffolding, the going out of the lights in the hall where she sat surrounded by the beauties of her court, regarding with sorrow what she believed to be some new, and near, and terrible calamity, fears fulfilled to the uttermost; then, when the master of the house seizes his opportunity to expatiate on the ignorance of those times, on the narrow-mindedness of the royalty of the period, then will all the family as they disband for the night go to their respective chambers, not with feelings of gratification over the wealth of the literary repast they have enjoyed, but with profound admiration for the wisdom of their paternal relation, will but feel how empty and how hollow even facts become when the most fact-loving have once dubbed them superstition. The tenderest touches of that vivid picture of the most terrible tragedy ever enacted upon the stage of the world will be lost, and never, never again will the proud Austrian princess be in their eyes that being, whose misfortunes, great as they were, were yet less than her resignation was sublime, but she will be spoken of as one foolish enough to believe that a thunder-storm, or a lamp going out, or a scaffold breaking down meant harm to her, could be frightened out of her wits at it, she being so weak-minded, poor thing.

And wasn't Melanchthon, one of the heroes of the Reformation, a rare specimen of stupidity even for a German, when we knew that when going out from the Assembly at Torgau, in anxious doubt concerning the great work undertaken, that he was so strengthened and encouraged by seeing in the ante-room three women, one of whom was holding a new-born child, another instructing a boy, and the third giving food to a full-grown man, that interpreting the sight as a symbolical omen of the growth of the Protestant faith, he returned to the hall, reported his impression and so imparted his own enthusiasm to his associates that bolder and more decisive resolutions were at once formed and carried? How the intelligent gover-

ness can swoop down on the superstitions and errors besetting those old heroes, how she will impress upon the minds of the young folks under her care that she knows some things Melanchthon and Luther never dreamed of; how she will eliminate from that heretofore most charming page of history, all its interest, and its beauty, how she will make all zeal for some new and untried theory appear ridiculous this matter-of-fact age will delight to behold! People must be taught to read for instruction, and not for entertainment; in the language of the pious poet,

"We should suspect some danger nigh,  
When we profess delight!"

In fact everything ought to be dry, and flat, and stale, and uncomfortable generally to be profitable. Woe to him that doubts this assertion!

Now, I am morally sure, that I could hunt up as much as a dozen American authors of the highest respectability, who never committed themselves upon paper as being imaginative, and timid, and fearful to the extent of Dean Swift, whose biographers tell us that he had indorsed on the letter bringing him the tidings of the death of his much-loved friend, the genial Gay:

"On my dear friend Mr. Gay's death; received December 15th, but not read till the 20th, by an impulse foreboding some misfortune."

What a pitiful evidence of weakness for a man to leave behind him! How enlightenment advances! How wise we grow!

And the master of a classical school will have a grand opportunity for indulging in sarcasm at the expense of Caius Gracchus when reading with his pupils. How that ancient worthy held the superstition of his time, that stumbling did most certainly portend some evil to the stumbler, and that when the feet of Caius Gracchus stumbled on his own threshold the morning of the day on which he died might have been, but what of it? The master of the classical school had himself stumbled on leaving his boarding house yesterday morning, and had not died last night, therefore Caius Gracchus was a stumbler and his death need no longer to be deplored.

But why linger over all these absurdities of the past? Let us labor further to annihilate all that pertains to the vague, poetic, dreamy fascinating atmosphere that floats between the finite and the infinite. As the construction of the fable is among the lost arts, let the use of the fable go too. The ideal has been allowed, it is true, to assert itself in all the ages of the past, but now let us strive to hasten the day that it will be overcome by the superior strength of the real.

Let the bewildering witcheries of pictures in the fire, die in the embers, or end in smoke, it matters not which, so they be no more indulged in. Let prophecies be unheeded, and presenti-

ments ignored. Let castles in the air be only clouds, and let time spent in reading poetry be considered time wasted—let the teacher dwell longer upon the height of Mount Sinai and the length of the river Jordan, than upon the grand events of the giving of the law, or the baptism of the Saviour; and by all means when the hardships of poor Ireland are brought into notice, answer with a sneer that the peasantry of that land of heroes, orators and poets, are an ignorant pack who believe that St. Patrick banished the serpents from their midst.

Let us be utilitarian, or nothing. Let us launch no folly of fancy on the tide that floats toward the future. Let us beware of indulging in those subtle sensations, or those delicate emotions that can scarcely be delineated by the skillful hand of the most gifted artist, or the inspired verse of the most gifted poet. Let us be practical—utterly and entirely practical, and believe in nothing undemonstrated by our senses; so at last we will rise on the ruins of beauty.

LOUISE V. BOYD.

### DISCORD.

THE voice of my soul says, "Write!"  
The voice of my life says, "Stay!"  
There is work to do e'er the coming  
night—  
Your hands must labor, to-day!"

The voice of my soul says, "Hark!  
To the music of starry spheres!"  
But Life says, "Those who tarry till dark  
Will neither bring sheaves or ears!"

My soul says, "Lift thine eyes  
From the furrows under thy feet!"  
But Life, with its burden of duty, cries:  
"Who sows not neither shall eat!"

I must say to my soul, "Be still!"  
I must toil both early and late.  
The hungry body must have its will,  
And the hungry soul must wait.

FAUSTINE.

TEMPER.—Happy is he who can command his temper even under trying circumstances. The evils of unbridled tempers are beyond calculation. The violent temper of a fretful and irascible man gives his friends much concern. If he has any real sensibility, the emotions he feels are as painful as those he causes in the breasts of others. When the calm of retirement succeeds to the bustle of company, his solitary moments are embittered by very mortifying reflections; for it has been well remarked, "that anger begins with folly and ends with repentance."



TANGIER.

**T**ANGIER, a sea-port of Morocco, stands on a height near a spacious bay of the Strait of Gibraltar. It presents a very striking appearance when viewed from the sea. "It looks like a pearl rising from the ocean," says Mrs. Brassey, in her *Sunshine and Storm in the East*. Our engraving gives a view of the flat-roofed Oriental-looking town, with its graceful tower in the foreground. The city is surrounded by a wall and defended by a castle and several forts. It was founded by the Carthaginians, from whom it passed to the Romans, and afterwards successively to the Goths and Arabs.

The following extremely interesting description is taken from Mark Twain's *Innocents Abroad*.

"This is royal! Let those who went up through Spain make the best of it—these dominions of the Emperor of Morocco suit our little party well enough. We have had enough of Spain at Gibraltar for the present. Tangier is the spot we have been looking for all the time. Elsewhere we have found foreign-looking things and foreign-looking people, but always with things and people intermixed that we were familiar with before, and so the novelty of the situation lost a deal of its force. We wanted something thoroughly and uncompromisingly foreign—foreign from top to bottom—foreign from centre to circumference—foreign

inside and outside and all around—nothing anywhere about it to dilute its foreignness—nothing to remind us of any other people or any other land under the sun. And, lo! in Tangier we have found it. Here is not the slightest thing that we have ever seen, save in pictures—and we always mistrusted the pictures before. We cannot any more. The pictures used to seem exaggerations—they seemed too weird and fanciful for reality. But, behold, they were not wild enough—they were not fanciful enough—they have not told half the story. Tangier is a foreign land if ever there was one, and the true spirit of it can never be found in any book save the "Arabian Nights." Here are no white men visible, yet swarms of humanity are all about us. Here is a packed and jammed city inclosed in a massive stone wall which is more than a thousand years old. All the houses nearly are one and two story, made of thick walls of stone, plastered outside, square as a dry-goods box, flat as a floor on top, no cornices, white-washed all over; a crowded city of snowy tombs! And the doors are arched with the peculiar arch we see in Moorish pictures; the floors are laid in vari-colored diamond-flags; in tessellated many-colored porcelain squares wrought in the furnaces of Fez; in red tiles and broad bricks that time cannot wear; there is no furniture in the rooms (of Jewish dwellings) save divans—what there is in Moorish ones no one may know; within their sacred walls no Christian dog can enter. And the streets are Oriental—some of them three feet wide, some six, but only two that are over a dozen; a man can blockade the most of them by extending his body across them. Isn't it an Oriental picture?

"There are stalwart Bedouins of the desert there, and stately Moors proud of a history that goes back to the night of time; and Jews, whose fathers fled hither centuries upon centuries ago; and swarthy Riffians from the mountains—born cut-throats, and original, genuine negroes, as black as Moses; and howling dervishes, and a hundred breeds of Arabs—all sorts and descriptions of people that are foreign and curious to look upon.

"And their dresses are strange beyond all description. Here is a bronzed Moor in a prodigious white turban, curiously embroidered jacket, gold and crimson sash of many folds wrapped round and round his waist, trousers that only come a little below his knee and yet have twenty yards of stuff in them, ornamented cimeter, bare shins, stockingless feet, yellow slippers, and gun of preposterous length—a mere soldier!—I thought he was the Emperor at least. And here are aged Moors with flowing white beards, and long white robes with vast cowls; and Bedouins with long cowled, striped cloaks, and negroes and Riffians

with heads clean-shaven, except a kinky scalp-lock back of the ear, or rather up on the after corner of the skull; and all sorts of barbarians in all sorts of weird costumes, and all more or less ragged. And here are Moorish women who are enveloped from head to foot in coarse white robes, and whose sex can only be determined by the fact that they only leave one eye visible, and never look at men of their own race, or are looked at by them in public. Here are five thousand Jews in blue gaberdines, ashes about their waists, slippers upon their feet, little skull caps upon the backs of their heads, hair combed down on the forehead, and cut straight across the middle of it from side to side—the self-same fashion that their Tangier ancestors have worn for I don't know how many bewildering centuries. Their feet and ankles are bare. Their noses are all hooked and hooked alike. They all resemble each other so much that one could almost believe they were of one family. Their women are plump and pretty and do smile upon a Christian in a way which is in the last degree comforting.

"What a funny old town it is! It seems like profanation to laugh and jest and bandy the frivolous chat of our day amid its hoary relics. Only the stately phraseology and the measured speech of the sons of the prophet are suited to a venerable antiquity like this. Here is a crumbling wall that was old when Columbus discovered America; was old when Peter the Hermit roused the knightly men of the middle ages to arm for the first crusade; was old when Charlemagne and his paladins beleaguered enchanted castles and battled with giants and genii in the fabled days of the olden time; was old when Christ and His disciples walked the earth; stood where it stands to-day when the lips of Memnon were vocal and men bought and sold in the streets of ancient Thebes!

"The Phœnicians, the Carthaginians, the English, Moors and Romans, all have battled for Tangier—all have won it and lost it. Here is a ragged, Oriental-looking negro, from some desert place in interior Africa, filling his goat-skin with water from a stained and battered fountain, built by the Romans twelve hundred years ago. Yonder is a ruined arch of a bridge built by Julius Cæsar nineteen hundred years ago. Men who had seen the infant Saviour in the Virgin's arms have stood upon it, maybe.

"Near it are the ruins of a dockyard, where Cæsar repaired his ships and loaded them with grain when he invaded Britain fifty years before the Christian era.

"Here, under the quiet stars, these old streets seem thronged with the phantoms of forgotten ages. My eyes are resting upon a spot where stood a monument which was seen and described by Roman historians less than two thousand years ago, whereon was inscribed—

*"We are the Canaanites. We are they that have been driven out of the land of Canaan by the Jewish robber, Joshua."*

"Joshua drove them out and they came here. Not many leagues from here is a tribe of Jews whose ancestors fled thither after an unsuccessful revolt against King David, and these their descendants are still under a ban and keep to themselves.

"Tangier has been mentioned in history for three thousand years, and it was a town, though a queer one, when Hercules, clad in his lion-skin, landed here four thousand years ago. In these streets he met Anitus, the king of the country, and brained him with his club, which was the fashion among gentlemen in those days. The people of Tangier (called Tingis then), lived in the rudest possible huts, and dressed in skins and carried clubs, and were as savage as the wild beasts they were constantly obliged to war with. But they were a gentlemanly race, and did no work. They lived on the natural products of the land.

"The general size of a store in Tangier is about that of an ordinary shower-bath in a civilized land. The Mohammedan merchant, tinman, shoemaker or vendor of trifles, sits cross-legged on the floor and reaches after any article you may want to buy. You can rent a whole block of these pigeon-holes for fifty dollars a month. The market-people crowd the market-place with their baskets of figs, dates, melons, apricots, etc., and among them file trains of laden asses, not much larger, if any, than a Newfoundland dog. The scene is lively, picturesque, and smells like a police-court. The Jewish money-changers have their dens close at hand, and all day long are counting bronze coins and transferring them from one bushel-basket to another. They don't coin much money nowadays, I think. I saw none but what was dated four or five hundred years back and was badly worn and battered. These coins are not very valuable. I bought nearly half a pint of their money for a shilling myself. I am not proud on account of having so much money. I care nothing for wealth."

The account concludes with an allusion to the Emperor of Morocco, saying that he is a "soulless despot." There is no regular system of taxation throughout his dominions, but whenever he wants money he levies upon wealthy citizens. If he can trump up against them some charge, and confiscate all their goods, so much the better. Consequently most of the inhabitants of Tangier will not confess to the crime of being rich. The wealthiest among them bury their money in the ground and wear rags. So, while this system of things continues, Tangier will probably remain the antiquated, picturesque, barbaric city that it has been for hundreds of years—civilization seems as far away from its precincts as ever.



## A STORY OF THE FLOWERS.

IT was midday and all the world was drowsy with the summer-time heat; and I, too, grew drowsy, and so, under the sheltering arms of an old tree I sank to rest.

And the daisies and king-cups, and the warm red clover, each rustled me a dainty story; even the slender snow-drops told me all about their stately little selves; and the blue violets, ah! listen and I will tell you what they whispered to me.

"Once upon a time, long, long ago, when the day was slow in its going, the stars hidden away up above were in a hurry to put forth their bright heads and look down upon the merry world, and so, before the dusky shadows of night had yet come, and when all the sky was still warm and blue, the stars pushed out their glistening heads and in doing so they broke out some tiny pieces of blue sky.

"Now, down on the earth some small white flowers were growing, and the bits of blue sky fell until they reached the blossoms, then stopped and rested there; and that is the reason why some violets, instead of being silvery white, are all of a tender blue. And a little thought of heaven came down with the bits of blue sky, and it sank into the hearts of the violets and forever made them sweet to all the world."

I nodded my thanks for the pretty story, and a brown bird overhead sent down a merry song.

Then the slender white flowers told me how, "long ago, when all the earth was rich with fragrant blossoms, never a snow-drop was seen among them all.

"Now, off in some far-away island lived a band of sisters; they were bonny and fair, and always, because of their purity and goodness, wore robes of delicate white; and wherever trouble and sickness prevailed they would always be. But the people of that island were very wicked, and the sisters tried their best to make them pleasant and good, but in vain, for they, instead of listening to the sisters, turned their backs and paid them never heed.

"At last a storm arose and destroyed the island and all its inhabitants—all but the small sisters; they were saved, and for their sweetness and goodness were changed into tender snow-drops, and a home was found for them in among the shady corners of our pleasant land."

Then the daisies and the king-cups whispered to me, how "once far away in a dreary city there lived a miser; he had gold and silver in abundance, but all his vast wealth never brought him any happiness; he had no friends, for all people shunned him, even the little children, when they saw him coming, would run quickly away and hide. He helped no one; the cold and hungry he always

turned shivering and empty away, and so his money neither did himself nor anybody else any good whatever.

"One day he heard some children talking about the country. What is the country? thought the old miser, and he wondered if there were plenty of gold and silver to be found there. Finally, he resolved that he would go and see; but what he found there was neither gold or silver, nothing but sweet waving grass, that rustled a welcome to all, and grand old trees, among whose leafy shelter the birds sang merrily.

"Many happy-faced children were there, all having a very pleasant time; among them was a little boy whom the miser recognized as one who lived in the great city, and was always surly and discontented-looking, but now the surly look had disappeared and the boy was almost smiling, and when presently in among the grass he found a warm crimson clover, he laughed gleefully, and at the merry sound the miser's face softened and his eyes grew tender as stooping down he gathered a handful of the tender grass, and when he returned to the city he carried it with him.

"That night, for the first time in many years, the old miser forgot to count his gold.

"The next morning a large wagon was seen to pass through the city, filled with children, and the people declared that the driver was none other than the old miser. Ah, what a lovely day that was! The children were not afraid of him now, and some of the bravest of them all even ventured to kiss him; and the miser never once regretted all the gold and silver pieces that he had to part with to enable him to give the little ones this pleasure.

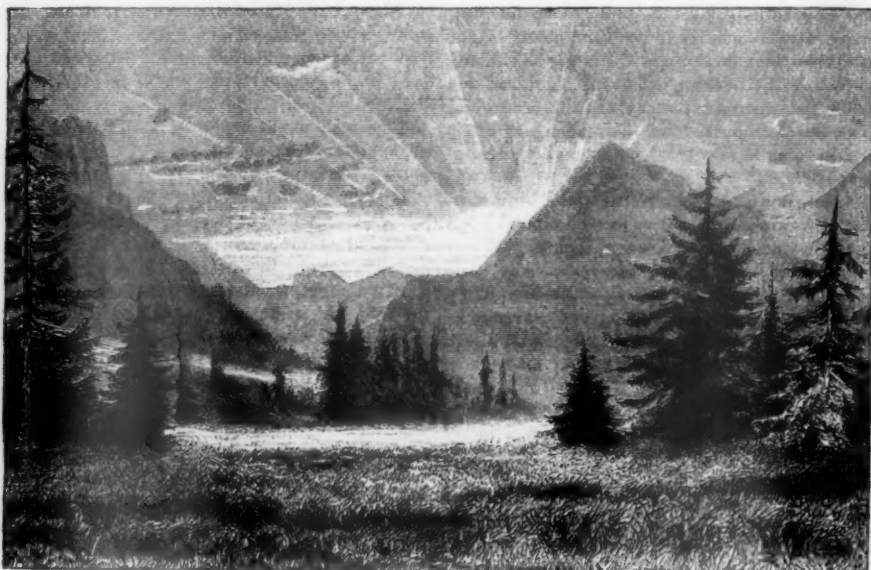
"Now, though all the world was in summer dress, still there were very few flowers in the fields, and one little child, not being able to find even one small blossom, began to cry piteously, and the miser feeling sorry took out of his huge pocket handfuls of shining gold and silver pieces and threw them into the soft grass; and the children, seeing the glittering brightness falling down, clapped their hands joyfully, but when they tried to gather the shining pieces they had vanished and instead were slender flowers, some all of a glittering yellow that shone and sparkled like our own dear king-cups; then there were tender silvery flowers with golden hearts, and these the children called daisies."

So their story was told, and then the clovers lifting their rosy heads, whispered that they had nothing whatever to say, they were just bonny red clovers all the world over, and they nodded so blithely, that one warm blossom tumbled off its slender stem and sent its soft crimson straight into my face; and with a start I opened my eyes, and the flowers all about me whispered never a word.

HAMILTON.

### SUNRISE IN THE MOUNTAINS.

**S**UNRISE, in every place, is grand. So grand, indeed, with its wonderful glories of light and color, that one is constrained to express surprise that the majority of people look upon it as something ordinary and commonplace, simply because they see it so often. But let the candid reader ask himself whether the following description of a sunrise, taken from Longfellow's "Courtship of Miles Standish," is at all overdrawn:



"Forth from the curtain of clouds, from the tent of purple and scarlet,  
Issued the sun, the great High Priest, in his garments resplendent,  
Holiness unto the Lord, in letters of light on his forehead,  
Round the hem of his robe the golden bells and pomegranates.  
Blessing the world he came, and the bars of vapor beneath him  
Gleamed like a grate of brass, and the sea at his feet was a laver."

But if sunrise, at any place, is grand, among the mountains it appears in its highest grandeur. Here the approach of day is heralded by an infinite variety of charms unseen in level regions. Not alone the brilliancy of the ascending orb itself, and the surrounding skies, appeals to the beholder's sense of beauty and sublimity, but his rapt eyes are feasted with the marvelous effects of light and shade, playing over the steep hillsides, through the tossing woods, and down

in the deep valleys. How can scientists make us believe that there are but three primary colors?

Take your stand in the early morning upon the side of a mountain facing east. There, at a moderate elevation, watch the sun mount above the opposite peak. Will you, or will any one be able to describe the shapes or masses of purple, crimson and amber as they gradually emerge from the gray shrouds of the orient skies and mount up the canopy of heaven, flooding it with glowing splen-

dor? No. You only speak the feeble words of suggestion. Your eye, and mind, and heart alone can receive or hold the recollection of the rising globe of molten gold, surrounded by the spreading reflection of its own glory.

But if you were down in the ravine below, would you see this gorgeous vision? Evidently not, for the vale beneath you seems still shrouded in darkness. Perhaps to the inhabitants of the peaceful village within its shelter it is still early twilight. What a sense of awe comes over you as you feel like a freed soul, trembling on the border-world, half-way between the gloom of earth and the light of heaven!

And on the sides of the mountains, above which the sun seems climbing, see the battle of golden rays with pearly mists; see how the millions of plummy pines contend in the coming universal daylight as to whether their color shall be blue or green. Now the gold, now the pearl seems victor, now the emerald, now the azure. But long before the contest is decided the king of day has mounted

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nearer to his zenith-throne; the valley below has awakened from its belated slumbers and received a baptism of his beams; the gray mists have hung themselves like opalline curtains over the perpendicular scars and seams of the mountain-side, while still the pines struggle over the question of blue or green. So will these last continue to dispute until evening decrees that they shall all be black, so to remain until the next rising sun gives the signal for a renewal of the combat.

As the ruling orb's rays penetrate into the rich woods and solemn ravines of the mountains, what do they find? Delicate ferns, rare wild-flowers, beautiful birds, shy deer, picturesque rocks, even the romantic though humble habitations of mankind. Yea, sunrise in the mountains reveals freshness, loveliness, innocence, strength, grandeur to a degree never seen outside of elevated regions.

Let us then elevate our souls, so that they may be like these mountainous lands, in height, breadth and sublimity. And may Heaven's own celestial light, rising upon them and flowing over them, reveal all that is within their bounds of delicacy, beauty, nobility and glory. H.

## ANECDOTE OF MRS. WASHINGTON.

**A**N old number of the *Newark Daily* contains the following pleasant anecdote of Lady Washington, which was furnished by one of its correspondents, who obtained it from a family in Whippany, N. J., named Vail: Mrs. Vail's first husband's mother, Mrs. Tuttle, was a sensible and agreeable woman, whose company was much sought by those who, owing to their wealth, moved in more fashionable circles. Among other frequent visitors was Mrs. Troupe, the lady of a half-pay captain in the British navy. She is described as a lady of affable manners, and of intelligence, and much esteemed.

One day she visited Mrs. Tuttle, and the usual compliments were hardly passed before she said: "Well, what do you think, Mrs. T.? I have been to see Lady Washington!"

"Have you, indeed! Then tell me all about how you found her ladyship, how she appeared and what she said."

"Well, I will honestly tell you," answered Mrs. Troupe, "I never was so ashamed in all my life. You see Madame —, and Madame —, and Madame Budd and myself thought we would visit Lady Washington, and as she was said to be so grand a lady, we thought we must put on our best bibs and bands. So we dressed ourselves in our most elegant ruffles and silks, and were introduced to her ladyship. And don't you think we found her knitting, and with a specked (check) apron on! She received us very graciously and easily, but after the compliments were over she resumed her

knitting. There we were without a stitch of work, and sitting in state, but General Washington's lady with her own hands was knitting stockings for herself and her husband!

"And that was not all. In the afternoon her ladyship took occasion to say, in a way that we could not be offended at, that at this time it was very important that American ladies should be patterns of industry to their countrywomen, because the separation from the mother country will dry up the sources whence many of our comforts have been derived. We must become independent by our determination to do without what we cannot make ourselves. Whilst our husbands and brothers are examples of patriotism, we must be patterns of industry!"

According to Mrs. Troupe's story, Mrs. Washington gave her visitors some excellent advice, the meanwhile adding force to her words by her actions, and withal in such a way that they could not take offense. In this she proved herself more worthy to occupy her distinguished position than she could have done by all the graceful and elegant accomplishments which are often found in princesses and queens. In the relations she occupied, her knitting-work and her check apron were queenly ornaments, and we may be proud to know that such a woman as Martha Washington set such an admirable example to her countrywomen!

**SELF-SATISFIED.**—One of the most annoying of visitors is the man who is so thoroughly satisfied with himself and all his belongings that he cannot bestow a thought upon yours. Whatever may be shown him he at once institutes a comparison with his own possessions, and begins to tell that "mine are much better than that," "I can beat you on so-and-so," and ignoring the thing before him, tells us, "Ah! you should see my strawberries," "my roses," "my tomatoes," and so on all through—in short, the man who does not "shut his own gate behind him." Those who are so thoroughly satisfied with their own that they cannot forget it for a few hours should not visit, but remain upon the scene of their remarkable achievements—at home. We would not imply that one in visiting the grounds of another may not on occasion drop a useful hint drawn from his own experience, or that he may not give his host any information that he may ask for; but we have been so annoyed by receiving visitors, and, worse still, in visiting strange grounds in company with those whose only object in visiting appears to be to boast of their own affairs, that we feel called upon to protest against it. Those who thoughtlessly fall into this unpleasant error need only to be reminded of it, and they will sensibly avoid it. From the chronic boaster of his own achievements we hope to be delivered, whatever phase his vanity may assume.

## THE CHOICE OF MODERN POETIC READING.

### PART III.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND:—I think we have poetesses in America who may be placed beside their English sisters without suffering by the comparison. For instance, there are Mrs. Margaret J. Preston, Alice and Phebe Cary, and "Lucy Larcom."

Mrs. Preston exhibits true poetic fire and beauty alike in classical and modern subjects. Alice and Phebe Cary, the sweet sister singers, give us lovely lyrics full of grace, and sweetness, and simple truth, whilst "Lucy Larcom" seems gifted with an unusually clear insight into our spiritual nature, and the spiritual world which lies around our souls even whilst we are fettered with the body. She seems to follow out somewhat, Wordsworth's principle of seeking interest, significance and pathos in obscure situations and surroundings. Her poem, entitled "Hannah, Binding Shoes," is an instance of this.

Speaking of the American sisterhood of sweet singers, naturally brings us to the subject of American poets. Of these we have a group who have furnished us with an admirable nucleus for our young literature, Poe, Longfellow, Bryant, Whittier, Lowell, Timrod, Hayne and other minor poets. To my mind, the most gifted poet our country has ever produced is Poe. True, he has not the lofty spiritual and moral sense of some of the others I have just enumerated, but there is a strange, undefinable charm in his unique and faultlessly melodious poetry which is marked by a distinctive spirit I do not find in any other writer I ever read. I do not believe that any poet in any age or country ever understood more thoroughly, and wielded more effectually the power that lies in words—mere words I mean, as to their sound, apart from the ideas they convey. In the use of the adjective, especially, I do not believe Poe is excelled by any poet either ancient or modern. The proper and effective use of this part of speech is especially important in poetry, it being to the noun, what fringe, lace or embroidery is to a dress, hence, when applied with taste, it lends a beautiful ornamentation to language. In all the range of poetry, I cannot find a better illustration of this fact than in "The Raven"; in the following line, for instance, "The silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain."

There is a weird grace and a melancholy beauty in Poe's writings that bring Chopin to my mind. Indeed, Poe and the great musician have several points strikingly in common. Each had a narrow range but was perfect within that range. Neither was capable of excelling in a long-sustained effort. Indeed, it was Poe's theory that

"a long poem is a contradiction in terms." "All excitements," says he, "are through a psychal necessity transient, and the degree of excitement which would entitle a poem to be so called at all, cannot be sustained through a composition of any great length." Through Chopin's music runs the wail of an extinguished nationality. Through Poe's poetry runs the sadness of extinguished hope, with its melancholy refrain of "nevermore." Another point of resemblance is, that both Poe and Chopin exhibit an exquisite finish in each little detail of their work.

Bryant, Longfellow and Whittier do not exercise the weird charm and throw over us the glamor that Poe does with his poems like those roses he tells us of "that grew in an enchanted garden;" but the moral and religious sentiment is stronger with them, whilst at the same time, each one of them has high mental gifts and distinctive poetic beauties. I would especially call your attention to Bryant's "Forest Hymn," in which he shows a lofty religious aspiration and a loving intimacy with nature. "June," and "The Death of the Flowers" are amongst the most lovely and touching of his poems, I think, especially the latter, which presents one of the most perfect pictures of November, I ever came across. In these (as well as many of his other poems) you will find true poetic elevation, great tenderness and delicacy of sentiment, a deep love of nature, and a bountiful flow of rhythm.

Longfellow's thorough culture and research, in addition to his native high talents, have enabled him to attain a literary standing second to that of no American author. Among his short poems, I am especially fond of "Maidenhood," "A Waif," "The Footsteps of Angels," and "My Lost Youth." The latter is particularly touching and beautiful, with its undercurrent of wistful regret. The refrain—

"A boy's will is the wind's will,

And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts,"

is taken from a Lapland ode, which, to my delight, I encountered in one of Goldsmith's works a few years ago. As it is a literary curiosity, and, moreover, derives additional interest from being introduced into Longfellow's "Lost Youth," I would transcribe it here did I not fear it would make my letter too lengthy.

If you have not already read Whittier's "Snow-bound," you have a pleasure in store. The framing of the picture is austere simple, the scene being laid in a primitive country home, but the household is drawn with the firm, clear outlines of a master hand, filled in with fine, delicate touches, giving to each member of the household a distinct individuality. The poem abounds in touches of elevated sentiment and poetic fancy.

Occasionally we come across a stray waif of anonymous poetry, full of genuine poetic fire, of



deep, passionate feeling and lovely imagery. I have often wondered and conjectured about these nameless authors—whether they would keep on writing or whether they had evolved the stray poems I admired in some moment of brief, intense excitement, which stimulated to its highest point their intellectual capacity; some rare mood which perhaps visited them but once in their lifetime.

Wolfe, author of "The Burial of Sir John Moore," is an instance of a writer, once or twice in his lifetime throwing out a spark of the Elysian fire and then subsiding into quietude. Unless my recollection plays me false he wrote but two poems, "The Burial of Sir John Moore," and another, beginning, "If I had thought thou couldst have died."

In the advice and suggestions I have given you in reference to your poetic reading, I by no means claim to have given you a complete inventory of modern poets. I have treated the question from my individual standpoint, and according to my own peculiar bent, dwelling on those poets who supply nourishment adapted to my mental organization, passing over some of equal merit, perhaps, who are, however, in Emersonian phrase, "not teachers sent to me," however much delight and instruction they may convey to others.

Mrs. Browning says in reference to poets, that they are:

"The only truth-tellers now left to God—  
The only speakers of essential truth,  
Opposed to relative, comparative  
And temporal truths; the only holders by  
His sun-skirts through conventional gray glooms;  
The only teachers who instruct mankind,  
From just a shadow on a chancel wall,  
To find man's veritable stature out,  
Erect, sublime, the measure of a man,  
And that's the measure of an angel, says  
The Apostle."

MARY W. EARLEY.

### THE LIGHT OF HOME.

**W**ITHIN the home she rules with quiet might,  
By virtue of her perfect womanhood;  
A child in years, but with all grace and good  
Enshrined in her truth-flashing orbs of light;  
A woman strong and firm to do the right,  
Who with the old-time martyrs might have  
stood,  
Yet full of sympathy with every mood,  
In time of trouble cheery still and bright.  
O precious, whom to love is but to see!  
O queen of maidens! it must surely be,  
If aught that to perfection cometh near  
Can e'er be found in this imperfect life,  
You, perfect daughter, will but disappear  
To shine as perfect mother, perfect wife.

### A CAREFUL AND TROUBLED MARTHA. A DOMESTIC STORY.

"**J**OHAN, when you sit down to breakfast, I do wish you would drop that everlasting newspaper. Janey!—Ralph! stop this foolish sparring and laughing when you come to the table. How often must I speak to you about it? Charley, put down your arms and sit back on your chair. Will you never learn to behave like a gentleman? Katharina, you were called to breakfast some time ago. Why are you not in your place?"

A low, musical laugh at the door caused the worried and critical mistress of the House of Dudley to turn from her morning service at the coffeeurn and face her entering guest, for whom she declared, in summoning her family to the table, she had waited an hour, though the clock lazily pointed to precisely seven minutes past the usual breakfast time.

"You haven't recovered from your old habit of late appearance in the morning, cousin Felice," she said, with welcoming smile, modified by this reflective greeting.

"Ah, but pardon me only this once," responded the laughing delinquent, slipping into the place which the host, dropping his condemned newspaper, politely arose to assign her. "I have no excuse in the world, but the dreamy charm of your dainty lady's chamber, and the delicious sense of a day without cloud or care."

"The morning sunshine is all the more cheering for breaking a little late," said John Dudley, with the unconscious compliment of a sincere, unstudied expression of good feeling. And with the best intentions to please, he fell to carving the beefsteak in just the way that Mrs. Dudley had explained to him was the wrong way, which he seemed incapable of distinguishing from the right.

Janey and Ralph had checked their mirthful skirmishing, but were offending the maternal sense of propriety by staring in open-mouthed admiration at Cousin "Fleece," as they called her, at whom Ralph shyly cast the rose he had been secretly holding for her, and which she kissed and pinned in the folds of her soft, mull neckerchief.

Six-year-old Charley had settled back in his chair as commanded, but was committing an offense worse than the one rebuked by drumming with both hands upon the table; and Katharina, with the pertness of a young miss aspiring to the privileges of maturity, was leaning over to whisper, "I'm so glad you were late, too, Cousin Fleece."

The vigilant and sensitive mistress and monitor of this keenly alert and striving family, was chafed on all sides again, and looked about with

that strained, vexed air which always foreboded another round of reproof and admonition.

But Cousin Felice at this moment struck in with a merry suggestion which set John Dudley off in a humorous story, that in turn reminded Martha Dudley, herself, of an amusing circumstance, which brought speedily a happy response from Cousin Felice Day. And a very pleasant and harmonious half-hour passed in genial talk over the breakfast table when the young Dudleys, forgotten and forgetful of themselves in matters for the moment of more interest, did not once invite correction, behaving, as their anxious mamma afterward reflected, in a very becoming and creditable manner, though she was not quite satisfied that she had been sufficiently on guard against misdemeanors.

"Really, it is hard to tear myself away from such cheerful company," said John Dudley, regretfully, rising, "but business is the law of a man's life, you know, and I must see that everything is in order at the office."

"You will find it possible to attend us in the family picnic excursion proposed for this afternoon, I trust," Cousin "Fleece" remarked, confidently.

"Why, bless us! Yes, of course. I'd quite forgotten the plan, for you see we haven't indulged in that sort of dissipation since we became heads of family—eh, Cousin Fleece?"

"But it strikes me you need just such simple dissipations or diversions from the grinding monotony of business and domestic life—don't you?" suggested Felice Day. "What's the matter, Martha?"

Martha Dudley was casting an anxious, troubled look about her as though she had the world on her shoulders, and was searching for a place to lay it down.

"Oh! Why I was trying to contrive a suitable lunch for a picnic thrust upon us in this impromptu fashion," she sighed.

"Indeed! Can't I help you with your burden, dear Atlas?" laughed Felice. "You have—let's see—you have more of this beautiful bread?"

"Y-e-s—a whole baking, just from the oven if Phillis hasn't forgotten and burned it up," was the doubtful assent.

"We will assume that Phillis forgot it only long enough to secure a lovely crisp brown crust," hopefully rejoined Cousin Felice. "Just put two or three loaves with a pot of butter into a basket, not omitting that daintily-carved bread-board and knife, and allow me the rare enjoyment, when lunch-time arrives, of cutting, buttering and passing to each a generous slice to be eaten with juvenile simplicity and absence of ceremony. How delightfully innocent and unsophisticated Cousin John will look, sitting on the grass, with hat pushed back, and a great wedge of bread and butter entering his bearded mouth."

"It will bring back the day when I could trace the circle of the world in the basin of the hills, and find the wonderful pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, just over Uncle Darley's chestnut woods," said John Dudley, laughing. "Well, Cousin Felice has disposed of the lunch question, hasn't she, Martha?" he added, coming around and lifting his wife's doubtful face for a good-bye kiss.

"I'll allow a dozen lemons, with sugar for lemonade, to be made off-hand at the spring which must be near our pleasure resort," conceded Miss Day, with an appealing glance at the unapproving Martha, who did not seem quite satisfied with this easy disposition of her perplexities.

"Oh, yes! there's the splendid gushing spring right up the river, in a beautiful grove!" burst in Ralph, burning to give his sanction to any arrangement made by Cousin Fleece.

"Put in plenty of sugar," recommended little Charley, intent on a proper preparation of the lemonade.

"And be sure to cut the crust off my bread," stipulated Janey, with a view to the probable neglect of some of her requirements.

"You shut up!" directed Ralph, with an assumption of maintaining order. "Cousin Fleece is running this picnic, and you can trust her to do it right."

"Yes, Cousin Fleece knows exactly what is nice and pleasant," echoed Katharina, with an admiring study of the lady's attitude, which she was trying to copy unconsciously.

"So, as everything appears satisfactorily settled, I'll be off until the appointed time," concluded John Dudley, kissing his wife again—a remarkable circumstance, as of late he rarely remembered to kiss her at all.

"Probably an excuse for kissing Cousin Fleece," she thought, with a swift flash of resentment.

But Cousin Felice simply answered the good man's questioning look at her with a cordial "Good morning, Cousin John, and don't forget to return in due season."

"I declare, I don't know as I wonder that he should want to kiss her," mused Mrs. Martha, with a half-envious glance at the serene, smiling face turned toward him.

"Come, now; let's go into the parlor and have a good, old-fashioned musical jubilee," said Cousin "Fleece," slipping her arm within Mrs. Dudley's, as they rose from the breakfast-table.

"And leave all my housekeeping and family cares behind me?" reproved the scrupulously punctual and painstaking Martha.

"Oh, just for fifteen minutes," plead Miss Day. "A joyous song of praise in the morning will soothe and brighten your spirits, and give you grace for all the trials of the day."

"Ah, much you know about the grace necessary

to bear all my cares," sighed Mrs. Dudley, sinking upon the music-stool to which she was gently forced. "Dear me, I can't remember when I have sat down at the piano to strike a chord or sing a song. You see, my dear Felice, a woman with house and family duties such as mine, has no time to spend in the practice of her girlhood accomplishments. I have grown rusty in everything that was my pride in those days. Ralph, Janey, hush! It is rude to tease me in this way."

"Why, then a part of your education is dead loss, and you must feel the training of a child's-nurse and kitchen-maid would have served you better," laughed Felice, with a good nature that robbed the reproach of its sting.

But Mrs. Dudley, a little piqued at the reflection on her own confession of loss, struck into a gay gallop that came to mind and grew upon her as she played, and which set the delighted children spinning round the room in a fashion quite subversive of its usual precise and painfully maintained order.

Cousin Felice softly clapped her hands. Katharina danced up with a "Darling mamma, who knew you could play so beautifully?" Ralph threw both arms around the performer's neck with such a vigorous boy's hug as he seldom felt the spirit to give, and for which he got a reprimand a little less sharp than usual. And Charley and Janey crowded to her side clamoring for something more, and getting, first of all, a renewed command to sit down and keep still.

So applauded, encored and obeyed, Mrs. Dudley began to sing one of her old favorite songs, in a voice at first a little thin and shrill, but growing more sweet and full with the expansion of feeling and sympathy with the tender sentiment that she had to express, and revealing a capacity which could not have been guessed from its ordinary sharp and fault-finding tone.

When she finished, with a soft, lingering touch of the keys, her face was glowing with real happiness, the strained, critical, disapproving glance of the eye quite lost in a flood of sunshine, and the fine lines of vexation and impatience smoothed out in a sympathetic smile.

"Really, I always loved music," she said, wheeling around, with delightful blindness to Janey dragging her best sofa rug out of its accustomed place for the comfort of her suddenly fainting doll; to Charley, sitting on the floor sucking his thumb in an ecstasy of enjoyment, and to Ralph and Katharina rushing unceremoniously from the room in response to signals from comrades outside, all of which she would ordinarily have rebuked as offenses to order and good manners. "But, you see," she went on, "with my domestic and family cares, Cousin Felice, there is no time for such pleasures."

"That depends on the amount of time con-

sumed in unnecessary multiplication of your cares," suggested Cousin Felice, sweetly.

"Ah, you have your theories, of course," returned Martha, a little stiffly, "but you would not find them so fine in practice. No one but a conscientious and painstaking mother knows the eternal care and watchfulness essential to the proper training of a family of children. I declare, there are not five minutes between day-break and bedtime that I don't have to be saying to one or another, 'Do this,' or 'Don't do that'—and every hour is filled to the brim with commands laid upon commands, which I must see executed, which, at the same time, I am driven to the expenditure of every mental and physical power in attending to their manifold wants, and keeping up the decencies of their wardrobe."

"Such decencies as this for instance," smiled Cousin Felice, laying her hand on a mass of embroidery in Mrs. Dudley's work-basket.

"Yes," assented the hard-pushed lady, "the lovely blending of colors in that graceful design will have a very rich effect on the dark-green of Katharina's new gown, and in these days of refined and aesthetic tastes, I must do what I can to cultivate an artistic sense and a love of the beautiful in my children."

"But if, with all her pride in the display of this fine decoration, Katharina should feel insensibly the prick and irritation of spirit with which you wrought out the design while laying down command upon command, with fretful impatience at their tardy and imperfect fulfillment, don't you think that all which may be gained in artistic conception and appreciation may be lost in moral obliquity and hardness?"

"Nonsense, Cousin Felice! I can't follow you in such obtruse speculations," Martha Dudley said, contemptuously. "You can theorize just as John used to do, but I can tell you, until you have had practical experience of a mother's trials, you can never know the rack and strain of nerve and patience which I suffer in the faithful discharge of the duty of constant watchfulness, warning, remonstrance, and the laying down of precept upon precept, to which is added the most exasperating work of all—enforcement of obedience."

"Ah, I know," responded Cousin Felice, with cheerful sympathy. "Your experience transcends the comprehension of a plodding music-teacher like myself, with only the torture of false notes grating discordantly on the resolutely hardened sense for ten hours each day. But does it never occur to you, that perpetual warning and remonstrance may defeat their own ends, and that, while you are carefully laying down precept upon precept, your own life and character are forcibly teaching over all?"

"You mean to say, I suppose, that my good precept is made ineffective by my bad example," in-

ferred Martha a little indignant at what she deemed a reflection on her methods of government.

"I did not mean to say that—pardon me," was the gentle rejoinder. "But you have, perhaps, remarked the juvenile deadness to moral aphorisms that are not vividly illustrated. Indeed, you know how shadowy and phantom-like the loveliest truth appears to ourselves, without, at least, an ideal human representation. The word, without the deed, is simply vocalized air, and altogether meaningless."

"Well, I must say there is a great deal of vocalized air about this house that certainly doesn't get translated into deed as often as I could wish," admitted Mrs. Dudley, with a bitter smile. "I exhort and expostulate from morning till night, some days, without other effect than the shifting from one offense to another."

"Try nature's patient plan, Cousin Martha," suggested Felice, softly. "Nature never wrangles with her children. When they offend her laws, she punishes silently, but surely, in secret, subtle ways, more effectual as preventives of later transgressions than all the reproofs you could put into the breath of a lifetime. The sense gets deadened to exhortations and rebukes, but the pain of a sad, silent, certain punishment following, soon or late, on every act of disobedience, is a teacher whose law is learned without the wearing, weakening war of words that often defeats its best purpose. But—bless me! I am talking like a conceited family woman who thinks she has a patent on the best running domestic machinery, or, like the pattern old maid whose children, you know, are always the best regulated and most properly behaved children in the world!"

"Yes," assented Martha, brightening, "and I'd just like you in either character, to stand in my place for a while, and see your fine theories ground to powder in the treadmill of domestic life. But here comes your devoted lover, Dr. Weir, closely attended by Katharina and Ralph, whom I shall not rebuke for intruding on your interview, as they certainly will. And I shall leave Janey here dressing and undressing her doll, and Charley teasing you about the picnic while striving with all his annoying little arts to distract your attention from the doctor, whom he regards as a dangerous rival in your affections. Good morning! I leave the family training with you, and wish you joy of it, while I go to look after Phillis, who is most likely gossiping on the back steps with some of her easy-going friends."

Notwithstanding these reprovingly bequeathed embarrassments the interview struck Mrs. Dudley as a peculiarly delightful one, judging from the peals of laughter continually ringing from the parlor where the young Dudleys remained during the visit of the doctor, feeling in the absence of

the maternal critic and counselor, that they were put upon honor to behave in their very best manner, and getting full credit from Cousin Fleece for the success of the effort.

"Though, after all," said she, "it seems a pity that the poor dears should have their eyes perpetually turned on themselves. It makes them so morbidly self-conscious."

"I vote, then, that for the remainder of the day they shall not once be reminded of themselves, Mrs. Dudley," slyly urged Dr. Weir, "and we shall see the practical working out of some of these fine theories of our friend Felice."

"Agreed," responded Mrs. Dudley, with satisfaction, "since it is only you and herself who will be the sufferers. It is time she had a little experimental knowledge of the domestic cares which she is disposed to treat so lightly."

"Assuredly," assented the doctor, with merry eyes.

"It will be delightful," declared Felice. "You shall forget your office of law-giver, critic and counselor, and we will be children together."

Madam Martha set her teeth, resolved when they started out on their afternoon excursion, that nothing should move her to reproof or correction, though perfectly satisfied the occasion would not be lacking, and that her admirable system of government would be thereafter fully approved.

"The doctor, Cousin Fleece, Charley and I are going to run a boat-race against you, papa, Ralph, mamma and Janey, and see which will first reach the landing-place at our picnic ground," announced Katharina, as the party came down to the boat-house beside the bridge spanning the river dreamily gliding between willow and elm-shaded banks, with patches of water-lilies floating in sheltered nooks.

"Indeed! Papa John and I can out-row all the doctors and girls in creation, and you can just count on dragging in a hundred yards behind us!" responded Master Ralph, accepting the challenge as he sprang into the boat—when 'Papa John' had already placed his charges—and manfully clutched the oars.

Mrs. Dudley restrained by the strongest effort her habitual impulse to check all boyish impetuosity and girlish rudeness, and seeing that "Papa John" and the doctor were quietly controlling the "race," while appearing to submit it entirely to Ralph and Katharina, she gave herself up with a strange sense of enjoyment to a careless participation in the common pleasure, laughing and jesting with the rest, and even joining in the boating songs, of which Cousin Fleece sang silver strains between dizzy snatches at the lilies, which she was not granted time to pull.

Arrived, after a swift half-hour, at the landing-point, which both Captains Ralph and Katharina claimed to have first touched, the whole party



laden with lunch-baskets, shawls, hammocks, pastoral poems, sketch-books, books of natural study, and all the necessities to juvenile enjoyment, including Janey's inevitable baby, clambered up the bank and entered a lovely grove, with its piles of moss-grown, fern-fringed rocks, and its jewel of a spring, at which each hastened to drink as though it held the elixir of life and happiness.

Pages would fail to picture the simple sylvan pleasures of that rural afternoon, whose only cloud was the swift-gathering shadow of night-fall, that came much earlier than usual, as all declared.

"Upon my word, I was not aware that recreation could be gotten so cheaply," smiled John Dudley, peeling industriously at his basket of oranges, with which duty he was offsetting the office of bread-cutting by Felice, of nut-cracking by the doctor, and of lemonade-making by Madam Martha.

"I'll tell you to what conclusion I have come," said the doctor, tossing another handful of broken nuts to the devouring squirrels, Janey and Charley, "when Felice at last consents to become Mrs. Weir, I shall ask her to come down here and celebrate the wedding ceremony in nature's garlanded and sun-illuminated church, with floral incense and marriage anthems rising and rippling in celestial sweetness through its airy galleries."

"Oh, and I will be bridesmaid in white, with trailing garlands of water-lilies, like a river-spirit," gushed Katharina, in rapture.

"And I'll be a page, with a blanket to dry off such a draggled duck of a bridesmaid," struck in the practical Ralph, with boyish disdain of "gush."

"The wedding-feast shall be of heavenly manna like this," said Felice, passing her board of beautifully-carved, snow-white bread, with its golden tinting of butter.

"And the wine shall be from this never-failing fountain of the hills," added Mrs. Dudley, dipping from the spring and pouring a crystal stream from the silver cup in her hand.

"See here, you tarrying pilgrims to the shrine of Hymen," cried John Dudley, "if you keep on supplying conditions to a marriage festival at this rate, I shall constitute myself a priest of the sylvan deities and unite you in the holy bonds of matrimony at once."

"But Felice is already growing sober and preparing to retreat," said the doctor.

"Good friends," begged Cousin Felice, brushing the bread-flakes from her lap, "let us talk about—the man in the moon—"

"Or some other impossible hero of your worship," suggested the doctor.

"Well, well, Martha," declared John Dudley, again, as they were rowing their homeward way under the early evening stars, "this has been a really delightful break in our treadmill round of business and domestic life, and we must try and

have such simple pleasures often, 'for the sake of the children,' as the good mother says in excuse of unusual indulgences, ha! ha!"

"The young Dudleys have behaved like angels under the new system of self government, haven't they?" whispered Dr. Weir in mother Martha's ear.

"Ah, but they will make up for it to-morrow," she groaned, with the darkening shadow of coming care. "I shall have a dreadful day with the correction of their redoubled misbehaviors and the finishing of work that Phillis has of course neglected in my absence."

"But we will let to-morrow take care of the things of to-morrow with the strength gathered to-day," said Cousin Felice, cheerfully.

ANNIE L. MUZZEY.

### WHICH WAS THE MADMAN?

THE late Dr. Brierre de Boismont had for some forty years one of the best known of Parisian madhouses, and he was a friend of all the artistic and literary celebrities of his time, who dined with him frequently, the latter often for the purpose of making studies of the various stages and sorts of insanity.

One day an animated discussion took place between the doctor and a rich banker, who held that madness could be easily detected, even by a non-expert.

"On the contrary," said the doctor, "I have a dozen patients in my keeping who, outside of their pet idea, are as sane and sensible as you, or at least seem to be as sane and sensible as you. I will make a wager that I will introduce you to a small dinner-party at which one of the guests will be one of my most hopeless cases, and that you will pass the evening without discovering him."

"Done," said the banker, and the dinner was set for the next Monday night.

When the party was about to break up the doctor approached the banker and asked, with a smile:

"Well, did you discover the madman?"

"Discover the madman?" echoed the banker, with a contemptuous curl of the lip, "why, I picked him out before we had been at table five minutes—the man on your left. Any one could do it after hearing him talk about his chimerical enterprises, which were to yield him fabulous sums. Mad as a March hare! I could not help remarking as much to the gentleman who sat beside me."

"Which one?"

"The one on my left—a very quiet, gentlemanly, well-informed man, too. Who was he?"

"Oh, he was the madman! The gentleman on my left was the novelist Honoré de Balzac!"

## FOR THE CHILDREN'S SAKE.

## CHAPTER V.

**H**OW like leaves in the eddying winds of autumn were swept away, as by a sudden blast, the newly awakened hopes of Mr. and Mrs. Greenfield!

The parents of Agnes saw no barriers to the proposed union. The marriage was therefore celebrated at an early day, after all the necessary

When the company returned to the drawing-rooms, the bridegroom showed himself to be in a remarkably good humor. He talked and laughed so loudly as to be heard by every one, and said many things that sounded to other ears than those of his parents exceedingly foolish. Grave old ladies bent their heads together and then looked toward him curiously, while the younger and less thoughtful laughed aloud at his merry sayings and doings. With what a sudden and painful shock did this come upon the feelings of Mr. and Mrs. Greenfield, who had built so hopefully upon the foundation of this marriage! To see their son more than half-intoxicated on his wedding-night was a terrible mortification; but they felt a deeper anguish than this mortification occasioned. The hope they had so fondly cherished, was gone. If the occasion and the company did not prove strong enough to withhold his appetite from indulgence, what was to restrain him in the future?

While they felt, and thought thus, two or three young men withdrew him from the room. Nearly half an hour afterwards, as Mrs. Greenfield sat in conversation with the young bride and her mother, a rude shout startled them, and turning their eyes in the direction from whence it came, they saw Henry dancing into the room and acting more like a madman than a person in his senses. Everything was thrown into instant confusion. Young ladies screamed as he approached them, while elderly matrons knit their brows severely. Mr. Greenfield went quickly to his side, and taking hold of him, said:

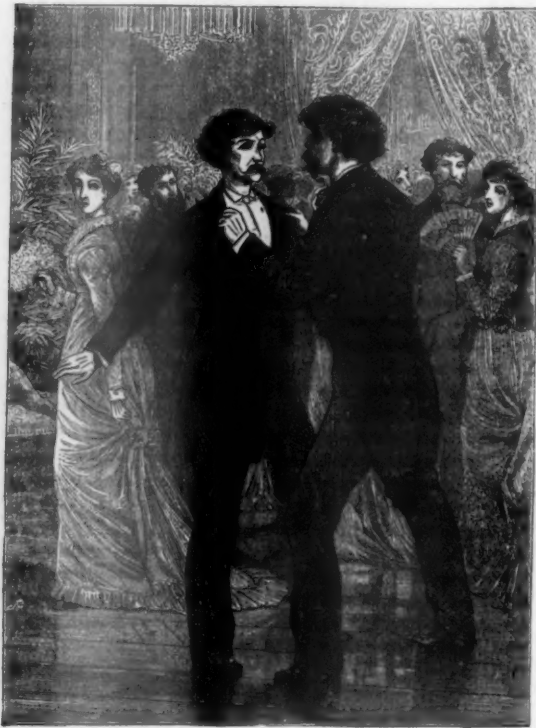
"Henry! Henry! you are forgetting yourself."

He made an effort to pass his father; but the father grasped his arm more tightly, and spoke to him in a low, stern voice. At this moment, the frightened bride arose from her place beside Mrs. Greenfield, and glided from the room.

"There! there she goes!" cried the young man, attempting to follow her. "Aggy! Aggy!"

A scene of painful disorder followed. Two or three men removed Henry from the room, and took him away to the bridal chamber, where he passed the night alone. Soon after he retired, the company broke up.

When the next day dawned upon the young man, and memory vividly recalled much that had transpired during the preceding night, his morti-



"THERE! THERE SHE GOES!" CRIED THE YOUNG MAN."

preliminaries were settled. A large and brilliant wedding-party graced the occasion. As usual among the wealthy and fashionable at such times, a liberal entertainment was prepared, and wines, and liquors of various kinds, were used as freely as water. It is hardly a matter of wonder that Henry should have been tempted to drink liberally. At the supper-table he was called upon to take a glass of wine so frequently by one and another, that had he not been able to bear a great deal, he would never have found his way back to the drawing-rooms in anything like a tolerable state of sobriety. One less fond of wine would have merely sipped his glass with every new compliment, but Henry never failed draining it to the bottom.

fication and shame were intense. Mr. Greenfield came early to see the parents of Agnes and to place the conduct of his son in the most favorable light, and he succeeded in removing to a great extent the unhappy feelings it had produced, but not from his own mind.

Mr. Greenfield made this the occasion of a long interview with his son, in which he represented in a most vivid manner the imminent danger he was in, and by every possible appeal and consideration sought to induce him to abandon entirely the use of stimulating drinks. No, not by every possible consideration. There was one, and the strongest, that he wished, but could not urge; for to do so involved a confession of his own weakness, and he was not yet prepared for that.

It was an easy matter to satisfy the mind of the young bride, and make her feel that the lapse from sobriety on the part of Henry was not a very serious affair. In a few days the light shadow it had thrown upon her feelings passed off, and her heart was again in the sunshine. A number of parties were given, but previous to each Mr. Greenfield warned his son against the folly of his wedding-night, and thus kept him so much upon his guard that he did not again drink to such an excess, although he partook so freely as to make the effect visible to the eyes of his father and mother, and cause each festive occasion to be one of grief instead of joy to them. They went with fear and trembling, and passed the evenings in anxiety and oppression of feeling.

"Oh, this is dreadful! dreadful!" said Mrs. Greenfield, on retiring from the last party, at which Henry had indulged himself with a freedom that made his condition apparent to almost every one. "I hoped that this would have saved him, but my heart now despairs."

"Nothing will save him," said Mr. Greenfield, speaking from a despondent feeling.

"Don't say that. We must not give him up," returned the mother, quickly. "He is young."

"So young and yet so lost to shame—so powerless in the hands of a vicious appetite. Ah me, if he could only be made fully sensible of his danger; if he could understand why he, above others, should be most on his guard!"

This was the nearest allusion yet made by Mr. Greenfield to the subject which had pressed upon his mind, with its weight of trouble, for years. Mrs. Greenfield did not answer, but her heart

moved in response. A silence followed, which the former at length broke by saying in a low, meek voice:

"There is one thing of which I have never spoken that has very long oppressed my feelings."

Mrs. Greenfield listened, but made no remark.

"Do you remember what Mr. Heartwell said about hereditary transmission?"

"Yes."

"I believe that every word he uttered was true."



"FATHER, CAN'T JOHN FILL MY GLASS, NOW?"

"I have often thought of it," said Mrs. Greenfield. "There was force in his arguments."

"And a self-evident force in the position assumed, unsustained by a single argument. It is not a body that we give to our children, but a soul, which forms to itself, from the elements of nature, a body to dwell in. This soul or life, derived from us, must have the qualities of our life, be they good or evil. If we have evil, gross, or merely sensual affections, such affections will we give to our children. Can it be otherwise? Does an evil tree produce good fruit, or a bitter fountain send forth sweet water? No; this would be in opposition to nature's most apparent laws. If, then, a man habituates himself, as I did for years,

to drink large quantities of wine and brandy until the desire becomes so strong that it is almost impossible to resist it, will he not curse his children with an inclination to the same kind of indulgence? He will! Does the assertion need proof? Look at our boy! Is it not plain that something more than a mere acquired taste impels him to indulge the pleasure of drinking? He is too young to be enslaved as he is, were there not in him an hereditary weakness. Ah, how this thought has haunted me like a reproving spectre ever since the truth came flashing upon my mind!"

Mrs. Greenfield bowed her head and listened. Her husband, even though he had spoken these bitter things against himself, half hoped for disbelief on the part of his wife. He wished her to think of him with less of a condemnatory spirit than he indulged toward himself. But she remained silent. Not a word had been spoken that she did not fully believe. Seeing that she had nothing to answer, Mr. Greenfield continued:

"It is this that makes me so hopeless. If the love of intoxicating drinks were merely an acquired habit with him, it might be broken, as I have broken the same habit, though indulged for more than thirty years. But in this case the evil lies deeper. A natural inclination, of which he knows nothing, is even stronger than habit, and lures him on to indulgence. If I could only tell him this! But I cannot—no, I cannot!"

Mrs. Greenfield listened, but did not answer. What could she say? For weeks afterwards she debated in her own mind the question whether she ought not to tell her son the real ground of his danger, and thus seek to save him; but every time she resolved to do so a natural repugnance to exposing to her child his father's weakness and error became so strong that her mind fell back again into indecision.

A few months after the marriage of Henry Greenfield, both his own and wife's desire to have an establishment was gratified. An elegant house was bought by Mr. Loring, and elegantly furnished, as a present for his daughter. Into this the young couple were installed. An interest in his father's business gave Henry the command of money in his own right, and he was therefore free to use it as his inclinations might direct. One of his first acts was to stock his cellar with a choice variety of old liquors, selected for him by a wine merchant whose taste in such matters was considered faultless. Wine and brandy he made as indispensable to the dinner-table as bread, and he commenced using them very much after the fashion pursued by his father in earlier times. His dining hour was four o'clock, and as he made it a rule not to go back to the warehouse after dinner, he had leisure to sleep off the effects of any over-indulgence he might fall into.

But Henry varied in the old habit of his father in one thing. With Mr. Greenfield, the indulgence of the dinner hour sufficed to a great extent; but it was not so with his son, whose mind was far from being as well balanced. The latter drank on his way to the counting-house in the morning, and repeated this at least two or three times during the hours of business. So it often happened, on his going home at four o'clock, that his mind was very much unbalanced.

The occurrence of the wedding-night, notwithstanding it had been treated lightly by the friends of the young bride, made its impression on her mind. Her first feeling was one of mortification. But that quickly and almost entirely wore off. It was succeeded by a tender concern as she saw her husband's fondness for wine; and this gave place to something like anxiety when, after they had commenced housekeeping, she observed the effects of his daily indulgence at the table. Against this she ventured a gentle remonstrance. His reply sent her to her chamber in tears. How long she wept alone he did not know, for he had not calculated the effects of his words, and was ignorant of the force with which they had fallen upon her heart.

There had never been the semblance of unkindness on the part of the young husband before. But his wife ventured, unknowingly, upon forbidden ground. There was one affection of his mind stronger than even the love of his bride, and that was a perverted affection, derived from his father, and making, as it were, a part of his very life. So long as this was unchecked in its course, no ripple appeared on the surface of his feelings. But the moment it was opposed, the even flow of his temper was disturbed, and he exhibited himself in a new light to the sincere, gentle, loving creature he had taken to his bosom.

Tremblingly she shrank from him, and when she came next into his presence there was a timidity in her half-downcast eyes that only passed away when he spoke to her in his usual affectionate tone.

It was the first and last time Mrs. Greenfield ventured a word in opposition to her husband's too free indulgence in the pleasure of drinking. But from the moment a fear of consequences stole into her heart, no persuasion could induce her to join him in a glass of wine at the table, as she had done in the beginning. He therefore drank alone.

Thus it went on, the debasing passion growing stronger and stronger, until its indulgence often exceeded the bounds of all propriety, and sent its slave reeling to his home in broad daylight.

Sad, sad was the lot of the young, beautiful, accomplished and loving wife. Henry Greenfield possessed his share of excellent qualities, and they had won and still claimed her affectionate regard.



Her love was true and tender, and this made the pain she suffered the more severe. For his honest spirit, for his unselfish regard for the good of others, for his many good and generous qualities, she honored, admired and loved him. But alas! how was all clouded by the one overmastering passion! How did the fine gold become dim! How over all that was beautiful rested a dark, distorting shadow!

In the lapse of time a babe came, with its blessing of innocence, to the dwelling of Henry Greenfield. The love of offspring was with him, as with his father, a strong feeling; and when the child was laid in his arms he experienced a thrill of pleasure as exquisite as strong. Even if her own heart had not been filled to joyfulness with a new love, the sight of her husband as he bent over the dear pledge of affection would have amply repaid the mother for all she had endured in giving to the world a new being.

Time went on, and the babe grew into the heart of its father; but in one thing the mother was disappointed—he was not won from his sensual indulgence. Another innocent came ere the first had reached its second summer, and still another followed.

But for the weakness under which Henry Greenfield labored, his would have been one of the happiest of homes. He loved fervently the gentle being who moved by his side, and scarcely less than worshiped the sweet children she had brought him.

By the time his eldest boy, a most lovely child, reached his fourth year, Henry Greenfield had become so much enslaved that even he took the alarm, and made some ineffectual efforts to break away from the bondage in which he was held. But he was not as a strong man tied with light flaxen cords, but as a child bound with ropes. He felt for a time the struggle to be in vain. As it usually happens, when any long-indulged propensity receives a sudden check, that it runs riot as soon as free, the effort to restrain himself was followed by a deeper indulgence. And this was continued until shame aroused him again into a resistance that proved as ineffectual as the first.

Not understanding that only in a total abandonment of every species of intoxicating drinks was there the least chance of safety, Greenfield sought to reform his habit of indulgence by placing certain restrictions on his appetite. But he might as well have tried to hold a wild bird from its forest home with a web of gossamer. To taste was to fall. There was for him no nicely-balanced equilibrium between sobriety and drunkenness. The most he could do was to curb his appetite during the business portion of the day, and for this restraint it claimed a freer indulgence when he retired from the eye of public observation into his home.

## CHAPTER VI.

WHAT sadder spectacle is there than that of a man in the very prime of life, fitted in every way for usefulness, and surrounded by all that can make life pleasant, falling beneath the paralyzing touch of the monster intemperance, and dragging those who love him, down into the deep places of wretchedness? Such a spectacle was presented by Henry Greenfield when he entered his thirty-third year. And so changed had he become, that he would not permit his father or mother to make the slightest allusion to his evil habit without an angry retort, thus cutting off all the hopes they had cherished of one day being able to show him his folly in such a light as to win him from his evil way.

As for his wife, from the day her first word of remonstrance was thrown back upon her, she had never ventured upon the experiment of a second. From every one she carefully concealed the extent of his fall from sobriety, and even when questioned by her own mother, evaded all direct answers. But so rapidly did her husband begin to move in his downward way, that her long suffering spirit was aroused into a wild alarm, under the influence of which she called one day to see the elder Mrs. Greenfield, and unburdened, for the first time, her troubled feelings. The mother heard her weeping. But she had no healing balm for her wounded heart; no hopeful words for her drooping spirit. She had nothing to give but tears.

After Agnes went away, Mrs. Greenfield held a long conference with her husband. But no light dawned upon them. On the next day, Henry took his two eldest boys, of whom he continued to be exceedingly fond, to an exhibition especially designed for children. After leaving the exhibition room, he brought them into the warehouse, which was not far off, to see their grandfather. Two lovelier children are not often seen, nor were any more tenderly beloved than they. Their father brought them into a little retired office, especially assigned to the use of the elder Mr. Greenfield. After they had been caressed, and had related the curious and wonderful things which they had seen, they ran out to talk with the young men in the warehouse, and the father and son were left alone.

"Dear little creatures!" said the elder Mr. Greenfield, after a pause.

Henry, who was entirely sober, affirmed the sentiment. There was another brief pause, and the elder Mr. Greenfield said:

"But my heart aches whenever I see them."

His son looked surprised.

"Yes, Henry, it aches. Sit down, and I will tell you why."

The young man hesitated. He felt that another remonstrance was coming, and he wished nothing said on the old subject.

"Sit down, my son," said the old gentleman; "I wish to tell you a secret that I ought long since to have divulged, but shame has kept me silent."

Henry sat down and looked wonderingly into the face of his father.

"I need not ask you whether you love your children," began Mr. Greenfield. "I know that they are exceedingly dear to you. I know that you would do almost anything to secure their good. And yet, Henry, you have cursed them with a direful curse."

"Me, father? Are you beside yourself?"

"No, my son; I speak but the words of truth and soberness. Listen to me, and I will unburden my heart of something that has been on it for years. I should have told you long ago. Will you promise now to hear me patiently?"

"Surely, I can do no less," replied the son, who was taken altogether by surprise at his father's strange words.

"Everybody says that Henry bears a remarkable resemblance to yourself," said Mr. Greenfield.

"I know. And I can see in his disposition already, traits resembling my own."

"Why is this?"

"I am his father."

"And therefore he is like you. Yes, that is the simple truth. You are aware of a habit you have of placing the fingers of your right hand against your temple when musing?"

"I never thought about it, but I believe it is so."

"You are doing it now."

"So I am. I've observed that Henry occasionally does the same thing."

"True. Look at him now, listening to something one of the young men is saying."

"I see. His fingers are on his temple."

"Why is it?"

The young man looked thoughtful, but did not answer.

"You also have a slight twitching in one of your eyebrows."

"I know; and Henry has the same."

"He walks like you, he stands like you—in fact, he is your miniature image. Every one remarks this."

"True."

"Why is it?"

"I am his father."

"Yes, but you did not give him a body. Why, then, in body, and in the actions of his body, does he resemble you in so remarkable a degree?"

The son again looked thoughtful.

"Is it not because he derives from you that form into which God breathes the breath of life? Depend upon it, Henry, every father, as a rule, transmits to his offspring, more or less, the quali-

ties of his own mind. This is the reason why a child resembles his parents. If in the body, then, there be a resemblance, how much more so in the mind? Do you fully comprehend what I say?"

"Clearly."

"It is a solemn fact, that children generally inherit the mental qualities of their parents."

"Oh, certainly; I never doubted that this was so, although I have never had occasion to think much about it."

"You can then clearly understand that the greatest blessing parents can bestow upon their children is a legacy of good affections."

"Explain what you mean by this in other words, please."

"If our children inherit our tendencies; if our habits descend to them as heirlooms; how all-important is it that we should, for their sakes, seek God's help to cultivate good affections and reform evil habits! For if we do not do so, our children that our born while we indulge in such evils will in all probability be cursed with an inclination for the same things."

"What a doctrine!" exclaimed the young man, as he drew a long, quivering breath.

"Yet as true as that the sun shines in heaven," said Mr. Greenfield, solemnly.

"I cannot doubt it," was the musing, serious reply.

"And now, Henry," said the father—and his voice was slightly agitated—"let me bring this home to you by evidences of a most painful and heart-aching character. You are my son, and as such have been cursed by your father."

"Do not say so!" interrupted the young man, in a deprecating voice.

"Listen," continued his father, "and let every word I say, be well considered. For many years before you were born, I indulged a love for stimulating liquors, until it grew to such a habit that it became my chief pleasure. You have yourself seen how freely I used wine and brandy every day; but you did not know that for years, I left the dinner-table so near to intoxication that I would have staggered in the street. But it was even so. Is it any wonder, then, that I cursed you with an inclination to the very evil that I had indulged? But I did not understand how sad an inheritance I had left my child, until it was too late to guard him from the approach of exciting causes. My own hand placed temptation before him. I not only bequeathed a natural inclination to indulge in drinking to excess, but I kindled the fiery desire in his bosom ere reason came, with its calm dictation, to restrain him. I cannot wonder that he fell! I cannot wonder that his appetite had more influence over him than the tears and entreaties of his parents and friends! God help him! for there is no power on earth that is strong enough to save."

The very agitation felt by Mr. Greenfield, closed for a time his utterance. His son made no reply, but sat fixed as a statue, with his eyes upon the floor. In a few minutes, Mr. Greenfield resumed, but in a lower and calmer yet very earnest voice.

"Henry, if the curse had been permitted to die with you; if the sin of the father had not descended to the third generation—"

"Father!" exclaimed the young man, in an agitated voice. The tone was that of one who had been struck with a sudden pain.

"If," went on Mr. Greenfield, "you had not fallen into the same dreadful evil, and entailed upon your children the same dreadful curse—"

"O father! say no more, say no more!" ejaculated Henry, in a voice of agony, rising as he spoke. "Your words almost madden me."

And with this he turned off abruptly, and going into the warehouse, took his children by the hand, and led them away.

"Father," said little Henry, taking hold of a wine-glass that stood by his plate, a few minutes after the family of the younger Mr. Greenfield assembled around the dinner-table on that day—"can't John fill my glass, now?"

The custom had been, to let Henry have a glass of light wine with his dessert. But the child's taste had been already morbidly excited, and he craved the stimulating draught even before the time at which in ordinary course it would be given him.

The words of old Mr. Greenfield had been, as it were, burning themselves into the mind of his son since the moment of their utterance. He had tried to disbelieve them, but that was a vain effort. He felt that all was but too true, and that he had in his hand the key which unlocked the mystery of his own insatiable thirst. Nothing had been decided in his mind up to the moment when the request of his child came with startling corroboration of all he had heard.

"Say, father, can't John fill my glass, now?" came again, ere he found time to reply in fitting words to the first request.

"No, my dear," he answered, with forced composure of voice. Then turning to the waiter, he said:

"John, you may remove the wine and brandy to the sideboard."

The waiter obeyed, but merely placed the decanters on the sideboard.

"Lock them up," said Mr. Greenfield.

"Can't I have some wine?" asked again the little boy, looking really distressed at losing his accustomed glass.

"No, my dear; it is not good for you," replied his father, kindly.

"But you drink it, father. Isn't it good for you?"

"No, dear," replied Mr. Greenfield, after a slight pause. "It is not good for either of us, and we won't drink any more of it."

Mrs. Greenfield looked up surprised, but her husband avoided her eyes. What a light went over her face!

The child seemed but half-satisfied. When the dessert came, he would eat a little, and then finger his glass with the air of one who, for want of something, could not enjoy the good things spread before him; and this was continued until the meal was finished. On leaving the table, his fruit and pastry were but half-eaten.

All this his father observed, and with deeply painful emotions. He saw that the perverted appetite which he had received from his father was entailed upon his own child, and with an increased susceptibility of excitement.

"How shall I save him?" came almost aloud from his lips, as he closed the door of his chamber after him, and threw himself upon his bed—not to sleep, as usual, but to think; perfectly sober after leaving the dinner-table, and for the first time in many years.

We cannot follow the unhappy man through the long and anxious period that elapsed from the day of his reform—he never placed the cup of confusion again to his lips—until his children entered the world as men, subject to all its thousand temptations. Enough for the practical bearing of our story to say that, after fully explaining to his wife, the nature and extent of the danger with which their offspring were surrounded, he united with her in an unwearied guardianship over them, that made the removal of stimulating drinks from their sight and taste ever a thing of primary importance. Yet with all this, he knew too well that they must ever be in danger—that for them to touch, taste or handle, was to put their souls in jeopardy. Sometimes, in moments of a more vivid realization of the peril that surrounded them, he wished that they had died as infants. But after years brought his reward, and he saw his sons enter the world temperate from principle. He did not, however, let them go forth as men without giving them—in order to make assurance doubly sure—the history of himself and father, which we have related, and enjoining them to guard their offspring, as he had guarded them.

"For," said he, "intemperance is a thing that is visited upon the children even unto the third and fourth generation."

And let the writer add, so in every other evil that is indulged until it becomes a habit. If we would save our children from the vice, or sin of intemperance, let us be temperate ourselves, and thus give them healthy physical as well as moral constitutions. If we would save them from theft, let us be honest in all our dealings; not honest in a mere legal sense, but honest at heart. If we

would not have our children tempted to commit murder while in the heat of passion, let us beware how we cherish a feeling of hatred toward others; for we transmit to our children the qualities of affections and passions by which we are ruled. If we are honest, virtuous, chaste and temperate, our children will be born with honest, virtuous, chaste and temperate inclinations, but if we wrong our neighbors—if we are covetous—if we are impure—if we indulge in the evil of intemperance, or any other evil, our children will be inclined to the very nature they inherited from us to do the same things. This is no idle fiction—no cunningly devised fable—but a most solemn and important truth.

Men labor diligently to lay up this world's goods with which to bless their children; but who is careful to deny himself the gratification of every evil lust and passion in order to bless them in a higher, truer and more real sense.

But enough. If what is already written, fails to impress the mind of the reader, further argument would be useless. And so we cast this seed into the minds of the people, believing it to be good seed, and trusting that a portion will fall into good ground. If no tidings of the harvest ever reach us, we will yet believe that the seed has taken root somewhere and yielded its proper fruit.

T. S. A.

THE END.

**VULGAR HABITS.**—Asking questions, private and personal, is a vulgar habit, and telling your own business, which no one wants to hear, is another. Asking the cost of a present that has been made to you, loud talking in public, hard staring at table, insolent disrespect to husband, wife, sister or brother, showing temper in trifles, and making scenes in public, showing an embarrassing amount of fondness and making love in public, covert sneers of which people can see the *animus* if they do not always understand the drift, persistent egotism which talks forever of itself and cannot even feign the most passing interest in another, detraction of friends and it may be of relatives, a husband telling of his wife's unpleasantness, a wife complaining of her husband's faults, the bold assumption of superiority and the servile confession of infinite unworthiness—all these are signs and evidences of vulgarity—vulgarity of a far worse type than that which eats its fish with a steel knife, and says "You was," and "Each of the men were."

How frequently do circumstances, at first sight the most trivial and unimportant, exercise a mighty and permanent influence on our habits and pursuits!—how frequently is a stream turned aside from its natural course by some little rock or knoll, causing it to make an abrupt turn!

## MY PIANO.

**I**F there was any one thing my heart was set on from childhood even to maturer years, it was a piano, and as I grew into girl and womanhood the hope of possessing one of my own beamed upon the horizon of my life as the ultimatum of earthly enjoyment.

Music was a passion of no ordinary power with me. When less than ten years old I would listen with streaming eyes and nervous tremors to Beethoven's grand sonatas and Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words." Many a night have I wept myself to sleep thinking of those of my mates who, more fortunate than myself, might own a piano and have an instructor; but ah! how little they seemed to value these treasures. I had yet to learn that painful lesson, that we mortals value most what we may not have. But after a time, that Providence which governs circumstances, opened a door for my struggling, hungry soul. "That friend whom not thy fantastic will, but the great and tender heart in thee craveth, shall gravitate to thee!" Why may not the same be true of music, art, or any sorely longed-for opportunity?

A dear old German master, who taught in our seminary, accidentally discovered this absorption of mine, and took me to his house for daily lessons.

"The child has talent. See what a musical head. She shall learn and do me credit. What care I for pay. Here I must teach these girls who do not know a harmony from a caterwaul. Bah! But this child has a divine ear. She shall learn. It is play to teach her. She shall rest me well."

So said Von Shroeder to my mother, and it was then arranged that my lessons begin forthwith. Those were happy days. Difficulties had no power to daunt or weary me, but served only to inspire. Friends were astonished at my progress, and said, "She will make a mark in the musical world." But my master was delighted.

"I will teach you German, little one; then you shall go to Germany and hear the great masters."

"Oh, how delightful!" I cried, with childish enthusiasm, and studied early and late to further this hope.

The five sunny years spent in Von Shroeder's music-room left me no need to fret for want of a piano. But we were poor at home. There were younger brothers and sisters coming up to be educated. My father was feeble in health and could do but little toward supporting his family. I was eighteen years old then, and it was time to put my talent to practical use. I would teach. I had not forgotten my dream of Germany, but it could wait.

I was in the midst of a grand old symphony the next day, and so lost in its beautiful passages that I did not hear the opened door or well-known step, until my teacher touched my shoulder, saying:

"How grandly you play, Helen. I never heard



a woman equal you. What strength you have in your arms and hands. What perfect control. I am glad. I am proud. Are you ready to go to Germany?"

I was proud, too, at such words of praise from him; but here was my opportunity.

"Dear master," said I, eagerly, "I cannot go to Germany now. I have no money, and it would take a great deal. I am poor. They are poor at home, and I must help the rest. Will you find me a place to teach?"

"I have money enough for both, child. Come with me to dear, old fatherland. There you will be great some day, with that musical head of yours. I will take good care of you and make you very happy. Can you not go with me, little one?"

The hot blood leaped to my face in torrents, and I bowed my head upon the piano in confusion and astonishment. I had never thought that he meant *this*. And had it been in his heart all these past, happy years? If so, what must he have thought of the liberty of childish abandon with which I had treated him? In my shame and anger I forgot that it could not have been an evil thought, or he would not to-day have offered me the first place in his heart. I could not lift my head, but sobbed in silence, he standing by stroking my hair with gentle touch.

"Are you so frightened, poor little dove?" he said. "I see, she thinks the master too old. She cannot love him. She gives her heart to a younger man. But no one loves her so well. Yet I will go away and let her be happy," and sighing, wearily, he turned away.

I sprang up to detain him. With the old-time eagerness I caught his hand and kissed it. Ah, how he smiled.

"You dear, old master!" I cried, "you shall not leave me so. All I have and am you have made me. How I bless you and love you for that. But what a poor little wife I would make. Don't think of it," I cried, trembling. "I did want to go with you to Germany. I was your little girl. You my best of masters and friends; but now—"

"I have made a big blunder and spoiled it all, I see. You cannot go to Germany with me unless you are my wife, Helen. Think once more. Can't you be that, child?"

I turned away and shook my head. I could not tell him of that other heart to whom I had pledged my life when they could spare me at home.

"I am sorry; so sorry," I said, "but it would not be right for me to go now. I must work to help the rest, first."

"I will come back for you in two years. I can wait five more," he cried, eagerly. "I have waited five years for this—a few more are not too many if you will let me hope!"

Did he forget that he was old? for so it seemed

to my undisciplined life—how much older than when he came back to me ten years later!

"No! no!" I repeated, imploringly, vexed and despairing at my dilemma. "You must not hope. You must forget your poor little pupil."

He stooped and kissed me upon my brow, saying:

"If ever you have trouble, let me know, child," and went out and left me.

I did not see him again, but just after he sailed I received a musical offer from a neighboring city which far exceeded my most sanguine hopes. I knew to whose influence and kindness I was indebted, and although thankful, could be womanly enough to grieve for the pain I had given. For two years my success, musically, was more than I deserved. I was "one of Von Shroeder's pupils," and he had advertised me far and near. During this time I was able to lift a great burden of debt and care from my family, and was about purchasing my long-coveted piano—a most beautiful instrument—when my father died. This involved expenses and changes which took all my surplus funds, and my hopes must wait. My marriage, also, was necessarily postponed. But another two years brought the wedding-day. I had helped buy and furnish the new home, and oh, joy of joys, there was to be a piano, all my own, at last. When we came back from our holiday among the mountains, "Charley" and I were to go together and buy it. I think my husband sometimes thought I loved my music better than I did himself, but he did not complain so long as my talent brought him *clat* and money, too.

When we reached home we found that some business venture of Charley's had proved a failure. He was out of money and in debt. I did not stop to blame or argue the point. I knew what my husband thought and expected, and I met the emergency with the little help I could. Putting at his disposal the thousand dollars which was to have gone into my elegant "Chickering Grand," I said, choking back my disappointment:

"Take it, Charley, I can work and earn it again. It's a long road that has no turn, they say," with a poor attempt at a smile.

"That's hard on you, Nellie," he replied. "But if I have good luck you shall have it again."

He thought it merely my duty as a wife. So it was; but I do not think the sacrifice was as easily borne when accepted as merely right. Human nature is so weak under the lash of duty, you know, reader. We are ashamed to own it, but how we crave the stimulus of praise!

Well, I took hold of my art that year with less enthusiasm, but more determination. I would win yet. "What for?" I sometimes queried. I hardly knew, but roused myself with a shiver that I should be so apathetic when but a three months' wife. However, something was wrong. I felt it

as we feel a storm when all is clear. Charley didn't care to stay with me, and seldom did, on the evenings that I sacredly devoted myself to husband and home. I thought that I loved him, but it was plain that we were not suited to one another, and that we bored each other painfully. He hated music, and only tolerated it from forced politeness and as a means of support. It was my idol, and shocking as the confession may seem, one to which my husband could hold no comparison.

At the end of the year I put another thousand dollars into a piano. I thought I was glad, but there was no one to be glad with me, and somehow I was so weary with the repeated disappointments of my life—so tired of its continued struggle, that now the coveted goal was reached, it seemed but a bauble. Such is the seeming perversity and inconsistency of the human heart, I was about to say. But is it not rather a part of the discipline of life? one of those processes by which every human soul may be rounded, developed and completed, in the hands of the great Architect, if it but submit to this plan?

Did I ever think of that friend—my old music-master, who understood me better than I thought? Ah! yes; yet I dared not think, lest I should reproach myself with "a mistake." I know now, that there are no mistakes when a soul is under the pilotship of Providence. Another year a birdling came to the home-nest, perhaps to heal my wounded spirit with a cerement of new love and hope. My child should reap the benefits of my toil and talent, and live to be proud of his mother. His father, too, was beguiled daily into a few hours at home, by his infantile sweetness, and had we not now one thing in common? I could work again with pleasure and enthusiasm. And praise was very sweet for my boy's sake. I knew my husband was living "fast," loosely, and brought the fumes of wine in his fevered breath, but I hoped and prayed that his boy would save him. But, O reader, I know now that an angel from heaven cannot save a man, when once within the fiendish grasp of intemperance!

I found myself at twenty-three, with impaired health, and could not work as much as formerly. Charley was heavily in debt, losing business and friends, and I came home one night from a *musical*, to find my piano gone, my home and furniture sold, and my husband stupefied with liquor. That winter our boy sickened and died. I think he pined from homesickness, after we left our pretty home, and changed his faithful nurse for a cheaper girl. I thought to have died, too, but my husband was attacked with brain-fever, and needed for many weeks my closest care. God knows I tried to save him, but he sank in spite of all, with but a few conscious moments to whisper of repentance and prayer.

I do not think I remembered much of the year

that followed. Months after my husband's death, I found myself in the home of my childhood, recovering from a low nervous fever: mercifully unconscious of the painful past, for so long a time, that friends were alarmed for my intellect. Yet it was only a reaction as one must experience, whose life-centres have been strained to their utmost limit. Rallying slowly, I was conscious of but little, save a dead, dumb weight—an incubus like some horrid nightmare, which I could not shake off, as regarded the near past; but my mind would revert to those bright years of my girlhood, spent in the sunny music-room with the good old master, with a strange sense of peace and rest.

My youngest sister had a pretty cabinet piano, from whose notes I was daily wooing the best balm. One night I had been playing one of Chopin's wondrous conceptions, till, from very excess of feeling I was forced to pause. I heard my mother saying from the inner room, "I wish Helen's old teacher would return from Germany. It would do her more good than anything else. I heard in town that he was expected to assist in the Thomas Orchestra this season."

My heart gave a great bound, and stood still, and I caught at the instrument for support. In a moment memory flooded my soul with all the bitter past. The disappointment, shame and struggle, surged over me again. I saw anew my lost home, my boy's grave, my husband's death-bed. But over and above all, I felt that I had found my destiny, and wondered that I had been so blind. Strangely enough, I was not impatient. I could afford to wait in quietness for the completion of a joy that was already mine.

A few nights after this, as I was playing a *Te Deum*, which he had loved so well, a shadow crossed the moonlit room. I knew by instinct whose; thought moves with wondrous speed. It was but an instant that we looked into each other's eyes, ere I sprang into those outstretched arms. No shame. No fear. Why should there be? Was it not my place at last? Was the master any less lord of my heart and life, that I had steeled myself for ten weary years?

"Poor dove!" he whispered, "how wet her wings are! Let her fold them here, and find shelter, warmth and food. I knew she would come, if I could wait."

"Thy fate and mine are sealed!

Let the great river take us to the Main,"

I answered in reply. But when Von Shroeder turned to the inner room to greet my friends, they found I had fainted in the chair where he had placed me. It is well that joy never kills. It needed but this, to bring me back to life and labor. How eagerly I took hold of my art again, with such an inspiration to heart and hand! But trouble had worn deep, and I was far from strong, although too happy to heed. It was well, then,

that a wise and tender heart took heed for me. My master—for so I loved to call him still, and yielded gladly to a will so wise, so tender and deep controlled—insisted that the "Fatherland" would complete a cure, and thither we were bound, as soon as spring breezes came. I was to realize my dream of Germany at last. As to home and prospects, I had not even cared to inquire, so satisfied with present good, although rumor had whispered of an elder brother's death, and thus an inheritance most unexpected. But little of all this filled my heart when bidding friends and country adieu, neither a thought of the disparity of years; but rest and strength in a broad, patient, loyal soul.

"Little one," said my husband, during the first evening on shipboard, "do you know what a very old man I am getting to be?"

"Old, indeed!" I cried, indignantly. "How old, pray?"

"Very old, indeed, Helen. Don't you see my gray hair?"

"That's nothing—no sign at all. I like it. But you do not seem nearly so old as ten years ago."

"That is because you are older, and have suffered. I am getting to be an old man!"

"Well, I am glad of it, dear, old darling. That is just as it should be. I like old people best. They have no egotism, no selfishness. They are thoroughly good. Now you will take care of me. I never had any one old enough before."

I saw that he was satisfied, as he kissed me, with that rare, sweet smile of his, which, oh, joy! can never grow old; and there in the moonlight, as we paced the deck of our floating palace, I told him of all the past. I had never ventured before, although I knew it was his right. He grasped my hand until it ached, when I told him of the lost home and piano, and wept with me over the death of my angel boy.

"Don't tell me more, dear child," he cried; "how I wanted to have saved you all, Helen, but the dear *Gott* knew best."

Such an hour of perfect peace and satisfaction is known alone to those who have suffered, waited, and thus been prepared for highest good. It comes not always to first love; oftener with riper years, and graver hearts, who, looking back over thorny paths and arid deserts, can say, as did we, with bowed heads and reverent voices, "Lord, it is well!"

Months later, when we had traversed sea and land, and feasted on art and nature, till we were longing for the delights of home, my husband said:

"Helen, I have one more spot for you to visit, and then we will go home."

The next day we drove out to a charming villa on the Rhine; one of those spots which make the old world famous.

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"It is vacant, dear, and we have leave from the owner to go through the place."

The house was marked by age, and showed that it had been an hereditary estate for generations; but many suites of rooms were furnished in the perfection of modern art and taste. The grounds were another paradise. Delighted as a child, to find myself loose in such a place, I flew from room to room, pausing at last to listen to my husband's master touch sweeping across the keys of a superb piano.

"Do you like it, *ma chère*?" he asked.

"It is heavenly," I replied with enthusiasm. "And the place—ah! could we live and die here!"

Again that heavenly smile, as rising from the instrument he folded me to his heart. "Darling, it is yours. Can you stay in Germany for this?"

A little low cry was his only answer, till remembering what he asked, the burning words came welling to the lips:

"Not for *this*, but for *you*, my love, my love! But is it not a dream—*mine, ours*?—all this beauty, and comfort, and joy? Oh! it is too much!"

"Nay, not too much, dear wife. But let me hear you try the piano. Are you sure that it suits? If so, nothing shall ever rob you of this."

I cannot tell how long the wondrous notes echoed back my touch. My husband's eyes were my inspiration, and the verdict there, was all I needed. He drew me away at last, to the recess of the deep bay window, and with the last rays of the setting sun glorifying his kingly form and noble face, said with the old-time tender touch upon brow and hair:

"My wife, my life! Oh, we will walk this world Yoked in all exercise of noble end.

And so through those dark gates, across the wild That no man knows. My hopes and thine Accomplish thou my manhood; and thyself—*are one*.

Lay thy sweet hand in mine, and trust to me!"

MRS. H. H. S. THOMPSON.

NO EYES.—The indifferent, unobserving husband is a sore trial to his wife. During his absence throughout the livelong day the wife has been busy, mind and hands, preparing some little surprise, some unexpected pleasure, to make his home more attractive than ever. He enters, seemingly sees not what was done to please him more than if he were a blind man, and has nothing more to say about it than if he were dumb. Many a loving wife has borne in her heart an abiding sorrow, day after day, from causes like this, until, in process of time, the fire and enthusiasm of her original nature has burnt out, and indifference spreads over the household.

## BLUEBELL.

A TALE OF A HONEYMOON.

ON the first day of June, some few summers back, there was a so-called "quiet" wedding in the gray old church of a little fishing-village. It was called "quiet" because the usual throng of gayly-equipped guests was absent, because there was no rush of many carriages, no loud clamor of bells, no butterfly bevy of girls attendant on the bride; but though these festive signs were missing, that there was no lack of interest in the event was shown by the crowds that thronged the building itself and lined the pathway from the porch to the gate.

A quick, infectious thrill, that found half-audible vent in many a whispered blessing, ran through the gathering when the service ended, the girl-bride rose from her knees and, with her hand in her husband's clasp, turned her sweet April face on her old friends once more. They thought she had never been lovelier or more lovable than now, when they were losing her, and young and old pressed round about her as she passed down the flower-strewn aisle, hindering her steps with their good wishes and farewells.

In the full glory of the sunshine she stood one instant by the porch, and cast a parting look upon a grave close by, then down the avenue of limes to the waiting carriage. A smile, half-glad, half-sad, a tremulous "good-bye," and she was gone, leaving Thorpe St. Edmunds very sad and very empty, and almost disposed to quarrel with the fate which took from them their favorite, who had been a centre of interest to every man, woman and child since she first came among them, nigh twenty years before.

Then had appeared in the little village a quiet lady in the deepest mourning, both of garb and spirit, her sole companion a baby-girl; and these two, with their one servant, had long tenanted a cottage by the cliff.

As years went by the "widow lady," as Mrs. Mainwaring was called till her name became familiar, cast off her heavy emblems of sorrow and loss, but to the end bore in her heart the grief that lined her delicate face before its time. But grief found no part in the life of the happy little one for whom she had lived. The baby-girl grew, as the summers passed by, from the pretty elf who haunted the rock-pools, and played with the curling waves, and shrieked with delight when crabs made capture of her rosy toes, into a slim, shy maiden, answering to the name of "Gertrude Mainwaring," but known far better as "Miss Bluebell." For in the springtime the child had divided her allegiance between sea and flowers and, leaving her restless, ever-present friend, had been wont to steal off to the woods, and for long hours revel among the blossoms that rivalled

the brightness of the skies above; and once, returning laden with her beloved spoils, she had been christened "Bluebell," and the name had clung to her thenceforth.

"An' she were as good as she were pretty, an' soft-hearted an' stout-hearted, all in one like; an' I reckon I sha'n't come across her double in my life, I do—so there!" growled out a blue-jerseyed fisherman, who had run up from the beach to see the last of his favorite, and stood now, with a queer twinkle in his eyes, watching the cloud of dust about the rapidly vanishing carriage.

"The singin' of a Sunday won't be nothin', now. I shall give it up, I shall, now Miss Bluebell's gone!" mourned forth a rosy-cheeked girl, who had come to church decked out with smiles and big bunches of spring-flowers, but had now wept her smiles away and cast her flowers at the bride's feet, and looked disposed to fling after them every remaining pleasure in life.

"A' why there, Keziah, you won't miss her like me!" broke in a tired-looking matron with a baby in her arms and two more small creatures clinging to her skirts. "Look how she come and tended me, she did, last gleanin' time, and cooked my man's vittels with her own hands, and kept things goin' till I got on my feet again! It's a fine-lookin' gentleman she've got for a husband, to be sure, and we don't none of us ought to grudge her good luck; all the same, I wish she worn't gone, I do!"

And the wish found sympathetic echo in a chorus of many voices, and repeated itself in divers fashions among the knots of people, who began slowly to disperse, till the church was left silent, and the graveyard almost empty once more. Among the little hillocks and headstones, however, a man still lingered. From a distant corner he had watched the bride's departure, and had hung on the outskirts of the throng near enough to catch much of her oft-repeated praise. Then, apparently idly scanning the inscriptions around him, he had loitered still, until a jingling of keys and a grating bolt told him that the church was being closed, when he carelessly strolled on the path beside the old clerk and hazarded the suggestion that he, the said official, had done a good day's business.

"That remains to be proved, sir," sententially answered old Simon. "Marryin's, sir, is very uncertain things at the best of times, an', to them as looks at the matter rightly, there ain't the same solid satisfaction in them as there is in buryin's. But we most on us has to go through both; an' let's hope them as has gone through the fust this day won't have no cause to repent."

"If all those good folk speak the truth"—with a nod at the retreating throng—"the bridegroom is a lucky man."

"Right you are, sir; he is a lucky man. An' let him be as proud as he choose—an' they do say



he's a werry proud man—he'll find nothin' in Miss Bluebell that he can't be proud on. She's a little lady, she is, from top to toe; an', if he'd tens upon tens of thousands to give her, she'd be worth them all!"

"Then the young lady is rich! She has married well!" interrogated the stranger, flicking off the heads of daisies and buttercups with his stick.

"They tell me so," said Simon, proud to retail such important news even to a chance comer.

"Of course she've money of her own, an' a sight more than ever 'twas thought she would have too from her mother! That's her very own to buy pins with if she like, an' she haven't to say 'Thank you' to no one for it; an' then the talk is that Mr. Fellowes, her good gentleman as is, have tied up as much again hard an' fast to her for her own spendin'. So our little Bluebell, as most on us call her, 'll be a rich lady now; an' I'll be bound she'll make them happy wherever she go, just as she have them she've left behind."

They had reached the gate; but the stranger still lingered, leaning, a shabby-genteel, gray-coated, middle-aged figure, against the railings of a big tomb. He put one further question, repeating the old clerk's words.

"More than it was thought she would have from her mother? Then her mother is dead?"

"Why, to be sure she is, poor thing; an' there she lay!" responded Simon, with a swing of the keys toward a grave a few yards off. "An' a nice harmless Christian lady as ever I buried; but never nothin' so spirity as Miss Bluebell. Tender an' timersome by nature, I should say. Her troubles—losin' her husband so young, I s'pose—weighted her down like; an' I do believe the notion of losin' Miss Bluebell finished her off. She seemed right to fade away after yon gentleman came a-courtin' an' the marryin' was fixed."

"And died?"

"There's the date, sir—two months afore Christmas. That's why the marryin' was kept so quiet and Miss Bluebell dressed so sober. But now, sir, if you please. The rector likes to see the gates closed; an' there he comes out the chancel door, along of Mr.—Lewis I think he signed hisself—a friend that was of the poor lady yonder; so I'll trouble you—"

"Good morning," said the stranger, so abruptly that Simon Woods was startled, and still wore a look of ludicrous surprise when the two gentlemen reached him.

"Whom are you looking after, Simon," said the clergyman.

"That, sir, I can't say," replied the clerk, still staring open-mouthed after his gray-coated questioner—"leastways, I don't know his name; but he's a man that ain't troubled with much manners. Here he've been askin' all sorts of questions 'bout

our young lady, an' then took hisself off like a shot, without leavin' so much as 'Thank you' behind him!"

"You have tired him with your tales, Simon," laughed Mr. West. "Strangers can't feel the same interest in our bride, that we do. Mind you are back at the Rectory by four o'clock; you remember Miss Bluebell—ah, I shall never get used to her other name, Mrs. Fellowes—left so much for you to look after!"

"All right, sir; I'll be back."

And Simon went his way, while the clergyman and the lawyer moved up the shaded path to the Rectory, Mr. West explaining as they went—

"This evening's feasting is our Bluebell's last plan—a better device certainly for giving pleasure to her poorer friends, than a gayer wedding would have been. And yet, to tell the truth, I feel, like my wife, half sorry the dear child went away without a little more of bridal finery about her."

"Superstition, my dear sir, superstition!" laughed Mr. Lewis. "There's plenty of sunshine overhead and in their hearts to make our young couple happy. So far as one can see, there's not a cloud in their sky now."

"Long may it be so!" said the rector, heartily.

"Yes, yes," responded the lawyer, rather abstractedly; "but I do wish I had been in England last year and had seen her poor mother more recently. It would have been more"—then briskly, after a moment's hesitation—"But undoubtedly everything is all right! I have yet to receive those papers poor Mrs. Mainwaring left with you, Mr. West, and certain business of Bluebell's to settle with you, so we must lose no time, as I must get back to town by the two o'clock train."

A hurried luncheon, the transfer of a small sealed packet to Mr. Lewis's hands, sundry directions about dismantling the cottage on the cliff, and then the "friend of the family" went his way, leaving with Mr. West a little note from Bluebell that fairly took the good man's breath away.

"Her deepest love and gratitude, and this!" he cried, drawing his wife into his shabby little study and showing her the check—almost a year's income—at sight of which poor Mrs. West's nerves gave way at last, and, in spite of her boast that she would shed no tear on this wedding-day, she cried with thankfulness over this parting gift that was to them a blessing.

"To think that Bluebell should be rich enough to give us this!" she exclaimed. "And for years and years, I always thought them poor—poorer than ourselves, John! It was only during the last few years that Mrs. Mainwaring seemed so much better off. I can't understand it."

"Perhaps she always exercised a wider charity than we suspected," replied the rector. "But it's idle speculating about that now. Bluebell has made our two hearts thankful to-day, and may her

own be the happier for it! But, oh, after having her in our home for six months, how we shall miss her!"

That evening, as the twilight stole on, the morning's bride stood, with her husband's arm around her, watching from the wide-open window the fading sunset and the glimmering stars, listening, with trembling pity in her eyes, as he told her how in by-gone years, in boyhood almost, he had loved, or fancied he had loved, before, and she whom he had wooed had played him false.

"And Heaven be praised," he ended, "that it was so! Not even the ghost of a regret is left for that folly of ten years ago! I tell my darling so only that she may never feel there has been a secret between us."

"A secret! O Gilbert, never! Every word of all my life shall be yours as it is mine, dear husband."

And, as he stooped over the sweet, earnest face, Gertrude Fellowes raised her innocent lips and sealed the compact with a trustful kiss.

Mid-June found the newly-wed wanderers once more upon the wing—unwilling enough; for the rustic spot which they had first called "home" had charms for them, such as no other region could ever know. Its loneliness had not yet palled upon them; as yet the hours were golden, and time was a thing of small account.

"But, Gilbert, Mrs. West says she thought we should have been at Ross by now; and she has sent some of my things to meet us there, and letters, too. Oh, dear, what day is this? Must we be going!"

In her soft gray dress, the sunshine dancing round her through the tender leaves of a young beech, flowers in her hands and on her bosom, Gertrude was waiting for her husband; and he, seeing her so, felt greatly disposed to yield instantly to her unspoken wish, and stay on and on without thought of change as long as she was happy. But with the morning hours came deliberation; and Gilbert painted anew the pleasure of the idle saunter he had promised her down the Wye, whose banks, and shallows, and floods, and turnings, had been familiar to him in his boyhood; and then there was another halting-place he longed to show her, nestling among the Welsh hills, before they turned their steps southward to the Devonshire manor-house that had been owned by a Gilbert Fellowes for nigh two hundred years.

So forth upon their journey—"out into the world" the young wife called it—went the pair, and, speeding westward, reached by evening-time the quaint old town where they had elected to remain over another Sunday.

If Mr. Fellowes wanted fresh food for pride in

his beautiful wife, that day most surely supplied him with it; and, somewhat to his own amusement, he grew half-jealous of the notice and admiration that her fresh loveliness excited even among passers-by.

"Upon my honor, Bluebell," he exclaimed, almost angrily, "that man has been staring at you ever since the train stopped!"

"Which man?" said Bluebell, leaning forward. "Oh, that one! Well"—laughing—"he has looked enough, or your frown has frightened him—at all events, he's gone. But I can't think," she added, slowly, "where I have seen him before. If it were not such a very unlikely thing, I should say he is the same man who passed the Rectory gate at Thorpe the day before I left."

"Scarcely likely, though possible," returned Mr. Fellowes.

"But he did stare at me very much then," said Bluebell, rather as though that settled his identity.

"I am sorry to say, a great many people have that impertinent habit!" laughed her husband. "But now, darling, here we are. Take care; the platform is crowded—holiday folk, I suppose. Keep close to me."

In another minute they were among a hurrying, jostling crowd, who were returning from some local fair. In spite of her effort to keep by her husband, who was directed to look after his luggage at the far end of the train, Gertrude lost sight of him for a minute, and, while gazing eagerly after him, a quick "By'r leave!" sounded in her ear; and she had barely time to spring aside as an overladen luggage-barrow spun past her. Overladen indeed was it, for it was scarcely a yard ahead before the topmost box rolled off, and a cry of pain instantly followed from a girl who had been unluckily close by.

"Ger out the way, stupid," cried the porter, roughly, "an' take yerself off, do! You ain't no business here along wi' your lumberin' flowers. Now be off sharp—you ain't hurt; do you hear?" And he hurried on, leaving the girl dolefully clasping her wrist, which was bleeding from a long, deep scratch.

In a moment Gertrude's helpful instinct was on the alert. She picked up the basket and the faded flowers at the girl's feet, and drawing her aside, gently bound the wounded arm with her own soft handkerchief.

"There, now, you must not cry," she said, when the operation was complete—and she noticed with surprise that the girl was as old as herself—"you are not much hurt. Where are your friends? Or are you alone?"

By this time the platform had thinned, and Gilbert Fellowes came hurrying up.

"Bluebell, what are you doing? What's happened? You are not hurt, are you?" and he

caught her hand within his arm as eagerly as if they had been parted hours instead of moments.

"No, no; I'm safe," whispered Bluebell, clinging to him in happy dependence. "It was only a little accident; and I think"—to the girl—"the arm will be well to-morrow—will it not?"

But never a word answered her patient. She simply gazed, as if wonderstruck, at the kind, beautiful face, and left off crying to listen the better to the lady's voice.

"Gilbert, ask the porter about her. She has no one with her. I don't like to leave her."

"Oh, she's all right, 'm!" said the author of the mischief, coming up with a totally different air now that the train was off and his mind relieved as to the luggage. "She knows her way home well enough, an' nobody won't hurt silly Jane."

"But you hurt her just now," rejoined Gertrude, reproachfully.

"I didn't mean to, ma'am," said the man; "it was t'other porter's fault that put the luggage on. Look here, Jenny; I'll give ye a penny to make it up. Now you can buy a new ring! Well, I never! If the lady hain't been an' tied your arm up! Did ye say 'Thank ye,' Jenny?"

But Jenny, speechless still, shook her head; and the man added carelessly that she was a poor innocent that "couldn't do nobody good nor harm," and then proceeded to gather together the travelers' luggage and pack it in the cab that waited for them.

The parcels forwarded by Mr. West were found, the clerk in the booking-office remarking that another "party" had been to inquire if they were there earlier in the day.

"Who could it be?" said Bluebell.

"Oh, some mistake!" answered her husband. "These men are careless about names;" and then he put his wife into the cab, and was following himself, when the poor, half-witted girl pushed forward and laid her withered nosegays on Bluebell's knee.

"Take them," she said, "all—Jenny don't want the money!" Then, with an intent gaze into the pitying eyes of her new friend, "Oh, pretty, pretty Bluebell!" she cried, and, breaking into queer, discordant laughter, caught up her basket and ran lightly away.

"She's as nimble as a cat, she is," said the porter, looking after her, "an' 'll climb a'most anywhere after her flowers. Folks buy 'em out o' charity, an' give heaps o' things, too. She's wonderful grateful, is Jenny; she's sure to find you, ma'am, an' bring you fresh flowers afore long. Thank you, sir. Right!"

Later on in the evening, Gilbert and his wife were on the river slowly pulling up between low banks fringed with rushes and forget-me-nots Bluebell was singing softly—

"Oh, my own love, my lost, lost love!"

"Don't!" said her husband.

"Don't what, Gilbert?"

"Sing such a wretched song. We've nothing to do with lost loves now, little queen."

"No, but—"

"And we are not going to have; so you are not to say 'but.'"

"Then I won't," said Bluebell, submissively, "only, Gilbert, I have been wondering ever since I came to this place why some people are so happy, and have so many blessings, and some have so few. Now look at me—"

"I will," put in Gilbert, letting his oars drift along.

"Ah, but seriously. I was so happy and had no trouble while I was young. Mamma just lived for me, and never let me feel the faintest touch of sorrow. I know she had troubles of her own; but she kept them all from me. And now I have you, and it seems somehow more happiness than ought to come to the share of one."

"Dear one," said Gilbert Fellowes, infinitely distressed by his wife's quick-falling tears, the very first of their honeymoon, "if you rate your deserts so low, what should I say—I, who have made nothing but selfish plans all my life long—I, who set my heart and gave ten long years to winning back such wealth as should let me hold up my head among my neighbors before I took my place among them? And I won it, and go back a rich man! And then, when I wanted a wife, a chance visit showed you to me, and I won you, too! It's I who am unworthy, Bluebell—I who ought to tremble lest my luck be too good to last. But come now, darling, you are over-tired. See, we'll turn back. Dry your tears and steer us home again."

A few minutes' vigorous rowing and they neared the landing-steps, while Bluebell eased her mind of her last troubled thought:

"But that poor girl, Gilbert?"

"Is happy enough in her own way, dear child; but I wish she had never come across our path if she is going to make you so sad."

Much more real food for vexation awaited them on their return to the hotel. There, on the table, lay a thick business-letter from Mr. Fellowes' agent in Devonshire, containing details of a troublesome dispute anent the giving up by an obstinate tenant of a certain small farm.

With many apologies for intruding upon him at such a time, the agent ventured the startling proposition that his employer should run down to some half-way rendezvous—say, Bristol—and in a personal consultation dispose of the whole affair off-hand, and so save letters and telegrams innumerable.

"And are you going, Gilbert? Oh, pray take me too!" besought Bluebell, with almost a shudder at the thought of being left alone.

But her husband had taken fright at his wife's pale face and unusual sadness of the hour before, and finally determined, sorely against his wish, but in deference to his better judgment, that Bluebell would do best to stay quietly at Ross during the few hours of his absence.

"This is Thursday. Forbes won't expect me to-morrow; but I will telegraph to him that I will be at Bristol by nine o'clock on Saturday morning, and I'll go down by to-morrow night's mail. Then our work will be over in two or three hours, and I shall be here again by the eight o'clock train the same evening. It's a most intolerable nuisance, but that is certainly the best plan."

And Bluebell sadly agreed. It seemed a fitting end to the foreshadowings of the evening.

The next day, a long and perfect one at Gooderich, ended with the great trial of parting.

"Only till eight to-morrow, darling. You must write to all your Thorpe friends; and, if you are very tired of loneliness, come to the station to meet me. If by any mischance I should not be there, I shall get in by eleven o'clock; and, of course, you will wait up for me here. Heaven bless my wife! Good-bye!"

And, with more concern than he cared to show, Gilbert Fellowes hurried off. And Bluebell, when she had caught the last sound of his departing steps, cast matronly dignity to the winds and cried herself to sleep.

But with returning day came comfort. On the breakfast-table lay huge bunches of wild hyacinths, her favorite flower, and the servant who waited on her said the "poor hatless lass that brought them sent them, with her love, to the pretty lady upstairs." Mrs. Fellowes bade the man detain the poor thing if she came again, and sat down to her lonely meal, her heart all the lighter for the grateful gift of this poor wail.

Not all the sunshine, though, nor yet the leafy beauties of the path by the winding river below, tempted her from her room that day; but, when the sun was setting and the church-bells were ringing out two quarters after seven, then Gertrude, impatiently ahead of time, went forth to meet her husband. But, alas! disappointment awaited her! The train, punctual to a moment, arrived, but Gilbert was not in it.

The light was waning as she left the station and turned to retrace her steps; but a figure she had taken note of before drew near to her, and a strange voice addressed her by name. In the first moment of surprise her fears flew to Gilbert—something had happened to him and the stranger had come with the tidings. Startled and alarmed, her misgivings rose to her lips; but the stranger hastened to reassure her.

"I have a message for, not from your husband," he said, moving slowly down the road in an opposite direction to that which she had been taking,

"or my business may be with you exclusively—as you please; but it must be attended to at once."

"Must!" echoed Gertrude, coming to a stand, and lifting her head with a haughty movement.

"Must," emphatically repeated the man, who spoke with the accent of a gentleman, though his worn clothes and general appearance would barely have passed muster as respectable. I have to speak of what concerns you both. You will be wiser if you follow me somewhat farther along the road, where our conversation will be less likely to be overheard—or rather allow me to follow you," and stepping back a few paces, he signed to the lady to precede him.

Gertrude felt herself paling under the steady, cold eyes of this strange companion; but she had no time to think; some inexplicable influence made her go forward till the few scattered houses were passed and the road was clear before them. Then she stopped, and turned with all the dignity and courage she could muster, to this man, who, she had settled, must be merely a beggar of rather an unusual order. But, to her unutterable terror, he placed himself before her on the path, and, pointing to a house, shuttered and tenantless, standing at a little distance among trees, said, in a low, determined voice:

"I have that to speak of which requires greater privacy than this road affords. I must ask you to listen to me in yonder house."

As a terrified but defiant refusal broke from Gertrude, he caught her without ceremony by the wrist, and spoke with vehemence, words at which every vestige of color forsook her cheeks; and, like one walking in a dream, Bluebell passed with him up the grass-grown path and through the doorway of the lonely house.

At eleven, Gilbert Fellowes came back, to find, not the sweet, glad face of his waiting bride, but an empty room, candles burnt almost to their sockets, and the chill night-wind creeping in through the wide-open window. In blank surprise he hurried to their upper room; but there was no Bluebell.

With all speed he descended to the entrance-hall, where the mistress of the hotel could give no later news of Mrs. Fellowes than that she had gone out directly after her dinner, and had not been seen to return. With the wildest undefined fears knocking at his heart, he hastened down the steps and through the streets, back to the station, for a vain search through the now empty waiting-room.

Half-beside himself with alarm, and yet ashamed to bruit abroad his terror over what a few minutes might possibly explain most naturally, Gilbert stood in the streets toward midnight and tried to persuade himself that this was some horrible nightmare, from which another moment would release him. But reality, bewildering and crushing, came



upon him when he reached his rooms again. A note lay upon the table which had been passed into the letter-box, the porter told him, five minutes after he had gone out.

"Your wife is safe so long as you make no public inquiry about her. As you value your position and your name, keep quiet."

Such was the note, scrawled in pencil, and barely legible, but it struck the unhappy man who read it a blow that half-killed him. What it implied, or threatened, he had no power to think; he felt as helpless as a child, his whole being shaken with one horrible thought—"Bluebell, my wife, my love, I have lost you!"

The gray light of early dawn was stealing over the room when Gilbert Fellowes staggered to his feet and strove with all his might to grasp some idea of his position.

She was gone, and those cruel, cunning words before him carried the threat that if he called in aid to seek her, harm—

"Harm!" he cried, bitterly. "What harm? Oh, merciful Heaven! am I going mad?"

Harm might befall her whom he would give his life to shelter from danger or from pain!

But she was gone, and every fibre of his being quivered with agony as doubts and suspicions, wildest surmises and fearful dreads chased one another through his distracted brain.

Starting with the first sound of life in the house, he made his way into the empty streets and once more to the station. A Sunday silence reigned about the place, and the usual entrance was as yet barred to outsiders. Through the small gate of the goods-yard he pressed on, and, turning sharp the corner of a huge coal-heap, came unexpectedly upon a group of men.

In low-voiced excitement they were talking together, station-master, porters, and three or four rough-looking men; and their gestures and looks pointed to some object stretched beneath a tarpaulin close by. One quick glance, and then a great trembling took possession of Gilbert. Was this—was this something—his wife?

If possible, his haggard countenance became a shade paler as the station-master came forward; but his first words relieved him.

"There's been an accident down the line, sir—a man killed at the crossing. It must have been the goods train, just before midnight, did it, but it wasn't found out till daylight."

"Thank Heaven!" muttered Gilbert. "I mean," he added, noticing the official's look of astonishment, "that I'm thankful that it is no one belonging to me. I want to telegraph to London, and that has brought me here so early."

The station-master eyed him a moment, and then said:

"Why, to be sure, you're the gentleman that

was here so late last night. Nothing amiss, I hope, sir? You found your lady all right?"

Mr. Fellowes shook his head, and a half-stifled groan broke from him. The other looked at him hard. He was a quick, shrewd, business-like man, and he saw that there was trouble before him of no ordinary kind.

"Go to the office, sir," he said; "the porter 'll show you round; and then, if you'll excuse my offering it, I think you had better come into my room and have some coffee. You look done up, sir. I shall be round in five minutes, when I've seen to that poor fellow's being carried to the inn close by. Jones, come and show the gentleman the telegraph office."

Jones did as he was bidden, remarking as they went that it was only by luck the office was open at that time, but—

"Excuse me, sir," said the station-master, running back and laying a detaining hand on Gilbert's arm—"I didn't know whether you might wish or care—but I thought I'd just tell you it's the chief of our police that's sending some message off now."

"Thanks," stammered Gilbert. "I scarcely think—in fact, I daren't."

The other nodded and left him, saying to himself that there was some queer work in hand to bring the fine, handsome-looking man whom he and others had noticed on Thursday evening to such a pass as this.

"He looks fifty years old, and as if he'd murder hanging over his head!" was the good man's mental comment. "There's something ugly at the bottom of it all!"

The only thing that Gilbert could think of, or dare to do, was done—a telegram to Mr. Lewis begged that gentleman to come instantly.

"Bluebell is in danger. I can do nothing without you"

Scarcely knowing what were his words, Gilbert dispatched the message to the man whom his lost wife had often named as her mother's friend and adviser; and then, with his head dizzy and his heart sickening, he took refuge in the station-master's house.

There, when he had forced himself to touch the first food he had tasted since his return, a heavy stupor overcame him; and, lacking strength to struggle into wakefulness, he slept profoundly through the morning hours.

The church-bells for afternoon service were ringing when he awoke; but still five long hours must pass before Mr. Lewis could possibly be with him; and that weary time, leaden-weighted with misery, brought him by evening to a state verging on madness.

"Good Heaven, Mr. Fellowes, what's the meaning of this?" was Mr. Lewis's ejaculation when they met at last; and Gilbert, essaying to rise and

greet the welcome friend, could find no voice in which to tell his trouble.

Very gently the elder man drew from him the little that was to be told. They were in the pretty room overlooking the river, and the sad burden of their voices harmonized ill with the delicious calm without and the brightness of the sun's last rays, which played about the flowers poor Bluebell had so lovingly arranged. But of the few details, the lawyer could at first make nothing, of the note still less, while his searching questions, though put with the utmost delicacy, irritated the unfortunate husband almost beyond endurance.

"I tell you," cried Gilbert, "she never cared for any one but me! West, who had known her from a baby, told me that, her mother told me it, her own dear lips— Oh, for pity sake, spare me such suspicions! I—I—love her so!" And, with a great, bitter sob, he flung his arms across the table, and, with hidden face, cried like a child.

Mr. Lewis walked to and fro till the tempest had spent itself; then, with a friendly hand on Gilbert's shoulder, he said:

"Come, Mr. Fellowes, now you must pull yourself together and help me. I'm almost inclined to fancy that I have some faint clew to this matter. No, stop"—for Gilbert sprung up as if for instant action—"answer me first. Did Gertrude ever speak to you of her father?"

"Never! Yet stay—only to tell me that she had never known him. He died in her childhood."

"And her mother never spoke of him to you?"

"Not a word; but I always fancied that it was her intention to do so. She wrote to me a week before her death and fixed a day for me to go over, with reference, I imagined, to family matters; then came her sudden illness, however, and I had no chance of seeing her even alive. But why are you asking me this?"

"Because," said the lawyer, "Gertrude's father did not die in her childhood, though she grew up in that belief; and my fear now is, that he did not die five years ago, when Mrs. Mainwaring wrote to me in Paris that at last she was released. My suspicion is, that this man is alive at this moment, and that your wife's disappearance is his work."

"But," faltered Gilbert, "what manner of man is he, who could play such a desperate game?"

"Simply one of the biggest rascals that ever went unhung," replied Mr. Lewis. "He had a handsome face and smooth tongue, and by birth ought to have been a gentleman. He cajoled his wife, who was an orphan, with no one to look after her but a kind, incapable old aunt, into making a runaway match; and, when he found that he could not play fast and loose with the property that was settled upon her and her children, he treated her worse than a dog. A divorce could have been

had—would have been the right thing—but the poor woman shrank from the publicity, and committed the fatal error of buying the rascal off. For years two-thirds of her income went to him on condition of his keeping out of England; but the last seven years the scamp had never drawn his pay. Her full belief was, that he was dead; my present conviction is that he had merely brought himself within the reach of the law, and was too safely shut up to be able to molest his wife, or any one else for a time."

Gilbert listened intently, with tightened lips and quickening breath.

"And this is the man you think has got my darling in his clutches?"

Mr. Lewis nodded.

"Keep your nerves steady; if it is he, please Heaven, we'll outwit him and get your wife safely back. But you must let me work it in my own way. That note shows that the writer is afraid of the law; so we'll take up the law's instruments against him. I know a man in Scotland Yard who can help us; I've employed him before now. You must let me telegraph for him."

"Do what you will," said Gilbert Fellowes; "only do something quickly, or I shall lose what little reason I have left."

The hours of that most troubled "day of rest" were over, and another working morn was rousing up the world before Mr. Lewis's plans were complete and his letters written. Then into the clear fresh air the two men went forth, and again bent their steps to the telegraph office.

"Warren will help us, never fear," Mr. Lewis was saying, by way of cheering his companion. "Warren is a man of a thousand; he—I beg your pardon!"—as he jostled awkwardly against an individual coming round a corner of the street; then, in sudden excitement, dropping Gilbert's arm and seizing the stranger's—"Why, of all extraordinary chances this is the luckiest! Mr. Fellowes, here is the very person I was sending for! What piece of good fortune brought you here, Warren?"

The person addressed, shrugged his shoulders; was used to sudden encounters, and they did not excite him in the least; besides which, he had had a disappointment that morning.

"No particular good fortune brought me, sir. I came down after an individual who's given me the slip more than once; and now"—with a grim smile—"he's done it again effectually."

"So much the better," said Mr. Lewis, "if it leaves you free to help us."

Then in a few rapid sentences, he set forth their case. The detective listened without a word till it was ended; then he said:

"And the man you suspect of having done this, the father, is—"

"A man of many *aliases*—Robert Jeffreys Mainwaring. You know him?"

"Know him?" said Warren, lively astonishment taking the place of official stolidity. "Why, sir, he's the very man I was after now!"

"And you've not laid your hand on him?" exclaimed Mr. Lewis, in excessive vexation.

"No, sir; some one else has done that for us," said Warren, gravely. "He's lying in yonder inn, dead—killed on Saturday night; so he's free of the whole of us, now."

It was true. There, in the darkened room, Warren showed them the mask-like face and mutilated form of the man, whom Mr. Lewis instantly recognized as Mainwaring, and Gilbert Fellowes recalled as the idler whose long gaze at Bluebell had disturbed his temper.

"Forgery he was shut up for," said Warren, as they turned away; "but this time it was card-business, and—"

"Saturday night," said Gilbert, interrupting, "and we stand wasting minutes here! For Heaven's sake, let us search now, and let all who have the heart to do it help me!"

"For you certainly won't do it long yourself," thought the detective, who had taken something from off the table, locked the door, and was following Gilbert's hurried, unsteady steps toward the hotel. "It strikes me, Mr. Mainwaring's last piece of work was about his most mischievous."

In a few minutes more Gilbert, with feverish impatience, was detailing every trifle that might lead to his wife's identification; even her likeness—the dear face whose pleading eyes had prompted her husband's night-long passionate prayers for her restoration—was given up; and the willing help of half the household was enlisted in the work, when a strange diversion attracted the attention of all. A servant's voice in high anger exclaiming:

"Keep away, I tell you! The gentleman's in trouble. No, it's of no use shaking your head at me, the poor lady isn't there, and I tell you you sha'n't come up!"

Loud, incoherent cries followed, then came a triumphant laugh, rapid footsteps, and the door was thrown open by "crazy Jane." Quick as thought she picked Gilbert out from the group of men, and, pointing toward him—

"Come," she said, "come with me. Bluebell wants you."

Trembling and almost breathless, Gilbert followed his swift guide without an instant's hesitation.

"Bluebell wants you," repeated the girl, as she led him along the dusty high-road—"poor, pretty Bluebell wants you!" Then, pushing open the gate of a deserted garden and pointing to a high, barred window, round which climbed clusters of

June roses, "Up there!" she cried, and, nodding farewell, forthwith set to filling her basket with flowers from the untended beds.

Gilbert Fellowes, half beside himself, was trying to force an entrance into the house when the others came up.

"Gently, sir," said Warren, "no need for that," and from his pocket he drew out the key which his business instinct had prompted him to bring from among the dead man's belongings.

Through the wide entrance they went into an awful silence. Their echoing footsteps passed from room to room, up a broad staircase, then higher still, and with his heart beating wildly, Gilbert stopped before a small, barred door.

"I—I—can't undo it!" he whispered, when his shaking hands refused the task; and another drew back the bolt.

Into the room they peered. It was long and narrow, and lighted by one high casement only. On a rough bench, half propped against the wall, was one slight figure—hers whom they came to seek. The beautiful face was white as marble, and the whole form lay in death-like stillness. There was a moment's terrified pause, and then, with a yearning cry, Gilbert sprang forward, and, kneeling, called upon his love to wake.

And she, roused by his voice from the death-like lethargy that had stolen over her, opened her eyes upon her husband and fell into the outstretched arms that tightened round her as though life nor death should ever part them more.

Long afterwards Gilbert learned the full horrors of those lonely hours, and realized how his wife's high-spirited honor had nearly cost her life itself. For he who proved indeed to be her father, trading upon his own disgrace, on her defenselessness, and on her husband's pride, strove to wring from her a promised payment, of which Gilbert should know nothing. Unwavering in her refusal, undaunted by his threats, Bluebell had scarcely quailed, even when he had left her imprisoned, certain that the hope of gain would bring him back ere long.

And then had interposed that awful fate which cut through all his crafty plans and sent the man of vice and crime to his last account; while Bluebell, her strength and courage wasting fast, struggled through the weary night and day and night again in her living tomb.

The second dawn found frame and spirit broken, and it was her last cry, "Gilbert, Gilbert, your Bluebell wants you!" that poor, witless Jane had heard as she gathered the roses on the wall without.

It has been well said that no man ever sank under the burden of the day. It is when to-morrow's burden is added to the burden of to-day that the weight is more than a man can bear.

## The Home Circle.

### MY EASTERN GATE.

I HAVE not been back in my own little room under the eaves very long. The bit of nature my window frames has entirely changed since my eyes opened upon it in the rose and amber dawns of earliest spring.

A friend, speaking for the "Home Circle," asks me to "put more of myself" into my writings. "We are well acquainted with several of the MAGAZINE'S contributors. We sit, as it were, at their tables, partake of their fare, and get glimpses of their inner life. We long to know more about you."

"Upon this hint" I write, dear *Home Circle*, and now that I have returned to it once more, give you a look out of my window.

"The little window where the sun  
Comes peeping in at morn."

Let your glance clear a somewhat unsightly rear view of several genteel dwelling-houses and its lights on a little square of churchyard rippled with graves. Decoration day gave this small stretch of emerald and snow fresh solemnity and beauty. Flags bloomed with the flowers along its velvet sward, and gleamed with its monumental marbles in the May-day sun. Then there's the great church, with Methodist Episcopal written all over its prim red and white walls as plainly as John Wesley could have written it himself. Yes, mine own adopted church—that blessed place of prayer whose altar fires, like those of old, never go out.

Under my guidance, let your eyes rove southerly, where, above the roof line and against a June-blue sky rises an imposing tower and gleams the cross.

"As to the Holy Patriarch  
That wondrous dream was given,  
So seems my Saviour's cross to me  
A ladder up to Heaven."

Your return gaze will rest upon a third sacred edifice, over whose rock-brown tower and picturesque gable the ivy flings her moss-green mantle for the birds to build and winds to frolic in.

The church first mentioned shuts off the view north. There is nothing worth your notice in that quarter except its plain walls, with great windows that blaze in the westerling sun, and a fringe of low-growing trees, which in the rosy dawn of fruitage, or crimson of their harvest noon, or awathed in wintry ermine, prove a never-failing source of delight.

But, after all, standing side by side, we face the central object of this window-picture. It is that high-browed eastern sky against which leaf-billows break, and where daily the miracle of creation, when God divided the light from the darkness and called the light day, is wrought before my enraptured eyes. Beyond roofy levels and upheaving branches there lurks somewhere a glint of the Delaware River, while over and against the bending heavens we see penciled masts, a flying flag and white sails billowing in the breeze. A dear lover of wave and sky, my gaze travels frequently

in that direction, because, whether glowing in orange and crimson under the sun's touch, or bathed in violet and silver beneath the rising moon, whether flecked with peaceful cloud-fleets, or dark with storm-wings lightning-torn, this wide outlook means so much. There are such golden earthly, such wondrous heavenly ranges and possibilities in the visions that come to me through this eastern gateway.

A fairy seed-vessel floating past, reminds me I didn't start out to say so much about myself and the view from my window. I meant to talk about flowers. The sun that

"Blenched the thistle's blushing face,  
And gave the winds her silken hair,"

has ripened millions of seedlets within your ken. What are you going to do with them?

Mr. John Wanamaker's generous gifts having started hundreds of children on the flower-path, it occurred to me we might bid them God-speed practically. For the benefit of the unenlightened—those at a distance—I would say that Mr. Wanamaker, of Philadelphia, has, at his own expense, distributed several hundred packets of flower seed among the children of the various Sabbath schools in this city, with extra inducements in the way of prizes to the school exhibiting the finest collection of home-raised flowers.

Our girls and boys, too, have gone wild on the subject of floriculture, and once fairly enlisted will find retreat impossible. Everybody is at liberty to lend a helping hand, and although too late for this year, perhaps we can aid some little one to win the prize in 1883. Having had a call for seed, and having furnished several packets, I make free to ask the readers of our HOME MAGAZINE to help me out. But, friends who take part in this mission, do please, whenever possible, put each kind, each color in separate packages and name them. Last year I wanted the Rocky Mountain Columbine. A lady sent me three colors: that with its inverted yellow cups; the pink, and purple, but she couldn't say which was which. If one knows, it is so much more pleasant and convenient to separate colors in planting, or exchange for those one has not.

And now a second piece of advice. Don't write the names. The tiniest written word calls for letter postage. Our dear Ray using the mails for all sorts of packages, cuts out printed names and sends the articles through triumphant. Please do likewise, those of you who wish to aid this enterprise, and are not equal to, or not in the humor for penning explanatory letters. If Mr. Arthur is willing, and he is so kind I am sure he will be, we will make his office our headquarters for the present, and you may address me there. Should my plan meet with favor, and our seed mission grow we can easily make other arrangements.

Have I made everything clear? Mr. Arthur is not to be inconvenienced in the slightest. Philadelphians, or our "foreign relation" are simply to mail packets or letters to me, Madge Carrol, in his care. I am not to be interviewed at the office, nor will I distribute seeds from there. If this



goodly plan does not "gang alee," we can adjourn "down town," and expand under the shadow of my own roof-tree.

Now for a few garden hints "warranted to keep." This season I overcame a difficulty often experienced in seed-soaking, and forwarded my bedding plants in this wise. I tied separate seeds in separate rags, steeped them over night, planted the largest and let the smallest dry, then planted them. By this means, I prevented the little ones from sticking to my fingers, nor did the drying undo the soaking process. Then, too, I found a charming use for tin cans. Those much abused fruit-cans, you know. I melted off the top, leaving the sharp-cut edge, then made a border for my central bed. Inverted—that clean edge slicing its way through the soil—they stand shoulder to shoulder, as it were, and seem "firm as the rifted rock." Bottom side down, filled with earth and set with pretty border plants they doubtless prove equally satisfactory. Painted red to match the rockers on the porch, they are really ornamental as well as useful.

I find also another use for them. Having a wee wee bit of a garden, I cannot allow everything its own sweet way. Varieties disposed to run riot, I frequently set in cans sunk to the rim in the ground. They grow, yet don't overgrow.

Oftimes from my window "on the city wall," or looking through the eastern gate, I seem to see gardens where there's room enough and to spare, still, nobody wants too much of any one thing, however desirable. So take these hints for what they are worth, good friends, one and all, and from your flowery or thorny path waft a kind thought to her who gives them, to one who has her briars and—bless God!—her roses, too, to

MADGE CARROL.

## LICHENS FROM WAYSIDE ROCKS.

No. 6.

**W**ALKING around the yard this morning, in musing mood, looking at the flowers blooming on every hand, I seemed almost to walk among old friends—so strong were the associations connected with many of them, so vivid the forms and faces recalled. The golden buttercups—from "Gladdy's Wayne's" gift of seed—took me straightway to the old home of childhood. I can see the very spot in the border of the large circle, where they grew, and the apple-tree close by, where we played. The white phlox and jessamine always belong in thought to the little sister who went home early. She loved them so dearly. Sweet pinks were my grandmother's favorite flowers, and she often wore them pinned in the white kerchief, which was crossed over her bosom. Her calm, peaceful face, rises before me, framed in the snowy cap border which always inclosed her silver-gray hair. Gentle and cheerful, the children all loved her, and one of our pleasures was to sit on a low seat beside her, and read to her in the evening before going to bed. She taught me some of the first hymns which attracted my childish fancy, and explained Bible stories to our understanding. Pansies speak to me of "Minnie Carlton" and her beautiful words about them, written for the "Home Circle" a year or two ago. I wonder if she still takes care of them,

and treasures them as fondly as then? Other, older associations are connected with them also.

Once, when a little girl in a big city, I saw a large tray of cut flowers from a horticultural fair, brought in and presented to a young lady relative of ours. It was such a vision of floral beauty as I had probably never seen before, and made a lasting impression. Choice roses, fuchsias, geraniums, many-hued verbenas, snowy camellias and great crimson dahlias; and in the centre, a bunch of wax-like fragrant tuberose, surrounded with rich purple pansies.

Then, later on, there was one summer during the first years of imprisonment to my room, when a pot of light-colored pansies stood on a little table across the room from my couch, and they always looked to me like the faces of old ladies, wearing caps with yellow frills. I used to hold imaginary conversations with them, and when a breeze blew in the window they would nod their heads to me in a very friendly way.

Bending over a bush of heliotrope, its fragrance, sweeter than anything else, transports me to those lovely southern gardens where I first learned to prize it. There, at mid-winter, when in my own home, everything was bare and brown—except the evergreens—I was astonished at the profusion of blooming flowers. Roses and other hardy plants out of doors, and within, quantities of choice and tender ones.

Throughout the first month of my stay, a friend who had a lovely garden and green-house, kept me constantly supplied with bouquets. Sometimes just an exquisite rose-bud, and tiny bunch of heliotrope laid against a few geranium leaves—sometimes a collection of the choicest blossoms, in a large bouquet. I shall never forget the beauty of the last one, sent the day on which this friend was going away on a long absence, for its arrangement showed the thought and care taken to make it last as long as possible. It was composed of alternate rows of red rose-buds and white ones, encircling one another—not even a half-blown one among them. Green leaves peeped here and there between them, and the outer row was surrounded by dark, glossy magnolia leaves, which supported and kept it all in shape; and right in the centre, was the ever-present heliotrope. Many of the buds opened during the first few days, and it was a whole week before it was too much withered to be any longer beautiful.

Stopping by a small vine of English ivy, I broke off a leaf and brought it in to lay in my portfolio. Sweet friend with the dark, bright eyes, do you remember the one you gave me, with the two slender ferns lying underneath, on a card? I have fastened it in my album of autographs and pressed flowers, as a treasured keepsake. Oh, the prairies full of wild flowers, stretching over miles, and miles, that your eyes feast on this summer! I have never seen them, but have heard much of their unrivaled beauty. Think of me, sometimes, when looking at them, with one of those tender thoughts which I know lie deep down in your heart.

Other precious blossoms there are, with associations too sacred to speak of here, which hold a stronger power than any of these over me.

Sometimes when one is weary, and the tired spirit cries out, "will the summer never end?"—the weary summer that is so full of weakness, and so hard to

live through—then a bouquet of fresh flowers brought in and placed in a vase near by, cheers and refreshes, for they say many things with their soft, noiseless voices. And if sent by a friend whom we know has put some tender thought, some loving wish in with each one, then they are doubly helpful.

Only a short time ago, a letter came far across the western hills and plains, from distant Idaho, bringing lovely mosses and flowers gathered on the mountain side, and sent all that long journey for me. There was a sweet woody perfume about them yet, but the beautiful words sent with them, bore a still sweeter fragrance, and 'tis hardly needful to say that both were deeply appreciated.

The flowers on which I have been looking to-day, will soon wither and fade, lose all their fair colors, and finally crumble into dust, but the flowers of memory which they once called into bloom can never die out of the heart, but live there to look forth at intervals along the pathway of life and brighten winter as well as summer days.

LICHEN.

### A LETTER FROM AUNTIE.

MY DEAR GIRLS:—I am lying by my window looking out into the warm sunshine, listening, thinking, dreaming. Over my piazza the honeysuckle vines are clambering, the branches waving softly, the leaves rustling and whispering together, and the blossoms crowning it with beauty and perfume. Through the interstices I have glimpses of blooming gardens beyond, and in one place I see a spray of climbing roses thrown up against a dark-green background of Norway spruce, making a living picture of perfect loveliness.

From afar comes the sound of clanging bells; first from one direction, then an answering peal from another. Occasionally I hear the chirp of a bird; still more occasionally, the sound of a passing footstep and the tones of a human voice, but the general silence of the present moment seems quite in accord with the silence and solitude in which my outward life is passed. Still it is a solitude which gives more time and, I think, more intensity to my thoughts of those I love.

And these are so many. My heart goes out in yearning affection to all who suffer and sorrow; it is not necessary that I should know aught of the burden that is weighing upon them, or that I should know their names or their places of residence. Wherever they may be my love and sympathy are with them, and I think in the Father's own plan there is some way in which true love is carried to those who need it; that they receive, they know not how or whence, a feeling of comfort, of companionship and strength.

I love the aged. Those who, while waiting for the summons to "come up higher," stand with their faces turned toward the years that have fled, who live again, in memory, the scenes of the past.

And I love the young—so tenderly. Those who are hesitating "where the brook and river meet," yet whose hesitancy is but a breathing space ere they are swiftly pressed forward by rapidly whirling Time, their hearts full of hopes and fancies, full of the brightness and beauty and joyfulness and hopefulness of the life that is to be; who are eagerly reaching forth, eagerly striving to clasp

and raise the curtain of that future which, they are sure, will bring them such glorious fulfillment of promise.

I would not have the eagerness less, the hopefulness less, the high-hearted courage less, only I would have their minds and hearts thoroughly grounded in truth and faith; then the realities of life will bear fruit, even if the fruit cometh not in the form and shape expected or desired.

Listening to the bells which were calling to and answering each other, recalls to my memory a description I read of one standing between two monasteries, one situated in the valley, the other on the mountain side; in each the evening vespers were being chanted; to each the music of the other was inaudible, but to the person standing between the strains of both could be heard the voices raised in praise and devotion mingling and harmonizing in unconscious unison.

Of the links which bind us together we may be entirely unconscious, the unanimity of thought, feeling and action may be entirely unknown; perhaps even our sorrows and misunderstandings may arise in our having missed some notes that were essential to the harmony; but there is truth and strength in the belief that other hearts, other lives that we know not of, are engaged in works, enduring experiences which link them to their own. They are like notes that flow together side by side, each supplementing the other and completing the harmony—a supplementation which is audible or visible to the Father, and which is, I think, a blessing to us though we know it not.

The bells have just broken forth again. This time it is a joyous, triumphant peal. I hear in it a call to us to be true and faithful in the least as in the greatest, that our one little note may not be out of harmony, and that in the time to come we may be greeted with a joyous, triumphant greeting, through which we shall hear a tender, loving voice saying, "She hath done what she could."

My dear girls, I wish I could look into your faces, that I could clasp your hands and hear your voices. There is something so precious to me in the bright faces of the young. I would like to see your smile, to hear your merry, hearty laughter, and best of all, I would like to know you loving, gentle and truthful. I would like to whisper to you that the secret of all true living is held in the heart of the Divine Love and Truth; to tell you that patience is strength, that patience is the first-born of love, that loving patience, and faith and truth will prove faithful guides to lead you at last into safe anchorage beside the "Great White Throne."

AUNTIE.

THE HOUSEHOLD.—It is in the household, more than anywhere else, that personal character receives its early direction and its subsequent shaping. The sublime order of the material universe is the result of law acting upon each particular atom and holding it in its proper place. Equally in the sphere of human life the general good is the product of the special obedience rendered to the spirit of truth by the individuals composing a community. Making due account of the general appliances of education, whether secular or religious, nevertheless we must come back at last to the household as the chief source of right training. Fathers and mothers are and must be, for good or evil, the main educators of their children.

## A SUMMER REVERIE.

THE rain comes down with a plash and a pour, the deep bass of distant thunder mingling with the musical refrain of fast-falling drops. The lily lifts her peerless face and bright drops glisten upon it as baptismal emblems on the pure brow of an infant. The blue eyes of the violets on the window-sill peep out tearfully as if weeping for the vanished sunshine. The waving corn drinks eagerly every drop within reach, with long, green arms extended, each fitted with a slender tube to convey moisture to the thirsting roots.

How common a sight is a field of growing corn, yet how beautiful! how wonderful! We plant the hard, dry kernels in the ground, and we are disappointed if the green blades do not soon appear, never giving a thought to the wonder that they ever do. Nature does no work by halves. Every plant was formed with an eye to its needs, and as the great pendulum of time swings on, century after century, we find no change or alteration needed. Everything was perfectly planned at the beginning, every detail arranged with perfect accuracy, and the great clock of the universe set in motion by unerring wisdom. For long ages it has ticked on ceaselessly, no invisible wheel forgetting its movement, no tangle in the perfect machinery.

I sit at my window, while thought, tired with the gloom within, goes foraging through the rain. These violent showers remind me of fussy people. With good intentions and earnest purposes they bluster round, doing and undoing with a slam and a bang, never stopping to think, but pouring out energy and effort with useless prodigality. Their really laudable undertakings thus lose all beauty and half their usefulness. More could be accomplished, and with less effort, if thought, like a ready hand-maiden, went quietly on before, removing obstacles and lighting the way.

Dew creeps into the hearts of rain-forgotten flowers and nourishes the very springs of life, while a dashing shower, though it brings the same aliment more lavishly, roughly brushes off the bloom and lays bare the roots to scorching sun-rays, the evil thus counterbalancing the good effects. Have we not all met with people who wearied us by this very characteristic? There is nothing pleasant or restful in their companionship, only a nervous dread of their presence, much as I imagine these violets and pansies feel under the influence of their pitiless shower-bath.

A big, purple pansy, holding a high head, peeps through the glass, winking and blinking her yellow eye, as if saying, "Look at me; it can't make me drop my head." But still I notice that her bright, saucy smile has given place to a care-worn air, which she is bravely trying to mask under independence. The violets have long since succumbed, meekly bowing their heads, with not a word to say. These, too, have their counterparts in our homes.

If we study closely the book which nature holds before us we can learn many a needed lesson. Her diary is always open, with a fresh page for our perusal, or a rare picture for our delight. One day her lesson may be patience, another constancy, another hope, but gleaming through each, illuminating the page, runs a golden vein of love—Love of God to man.

AUNT RENA.

## ALONE.

THE word, uttered only in my heart, as I sit the sole occupant of the room, seems to rebound in echo from the four square walls, breaking the stillness. Outside the casement is heard, not the burr of summer-time insect life, but the chill sigh of the wind and the constant patter of the eastern rain. No prophecy of sunshine is seen in the leaden gray of the evening, but the golden sunlight will yet rise out of the east whence come these clouds which speak a thought of our inconsistency in asking so largely the showers of God's blessings, yet shrinking from the clouds through which, many times, these blessings must come to us. Few of us accept gracefully, thankfully, the discipline of which we seem to need so much; but by and by, in the light of greater truth gained, we shall see how much that in the enduring seemed trial most severe, was, indeed, love most true. And thus, as new lessons mark the epochs of our lives, as we pass from one to another, we shall find there has been an unfolding of new life. It is only the old manner of life which has remained somewhat the same—the life is new. The old has passed away like an old sunset, or an old year, an old song or an old breath. God only can ever have the same, but to us who are the recipients as vessels from a fountain, the life must ever be new, freighted with new lessons, new truth, new warmth and vigor. We are on a journey, and the landscape is constantly changing as we pass on, the change in the landscape being the reflex of the constant change going on within ourselves, as the recipients of ever new influent life. The new does not obliterate the beauty of the old. Rather may the new inwrap the old.

But I sit alone, and the very quiet becomes voiced to me, suggestive of that fuller sense in which the word is used, as applied to the individual when considered apart from the whole; and while in a sense, as thus viewed, he is brought nearer to us, he is yet so set away from us that we begin to view him in his larger individuality, "as a son before the Father of many sons." And here is brotherhood. Apart from the conception of the individual, however, comes to each the practical part of being alone. The sense in which the Lord was alone was not the sense in which the hermit lives a life of isolation and seclusion. He lived in the world—was in its joy at the marriage, wept with its sorrow at the grave, plied His hand at its toil, and was ever ready with help and consolation. Yet He was alone. In His bosom only was the germ of the world's life. The truth within, He never compromised. And he who would follow where Christ leads, must, in his finite measure, learn in this sense to stand alone, abiding by what is truest within him, unmoved if the world will not accept it yet, but sure that, in time, truth must be truth for all. In no true sense can one be free, until in this sense he can stand alone.

And then only is he prepared to live in the world. It is very easy to go into a kind of seclusion and there revel in our own thoughts, entertain our own views and feed upon our own convictions, nor is it difficult, perhaps, for many to mingle with others and accept their convictions, but to take our place in the world, mingle with its pursuits and its pastimes, firmly and fearlessly

abiding by that which is truest within us—that is to be alone. How much need of deep truth of character for this! We are too apt to look about us and wonder what others will think—what they will say, and this, perhaps, many times from a careless indifference as to what the truth is, and its importance, rather than from a settled purpose of evil. We do not always seek to know in earnest. If we did, and then carried into busy, active life, the radiance and beauty of the truth gained, how different the result!

MRS. A. L. WASHBURN.

LAMONI, DECATUR CO., IOWA,  
May 25th, 1882.

DEAR EDITORS:—I just feel like writing you in my gratitude for your most estimable magazine. I know, if I am capable of comprehending a most important truth, that yours is one of the best in circulation. I have never seen all the current periodicals, to be sure, but to judge from my standpoint, the HOME MAGAZINE is perfectly adapted to the wants of the household. Its tone is always pure, and its articles entertaining and elevating. There can be no objection brought against it. Especially must its influence be felt on the opening minds of the young. And thousands of grateful, loving mothers and housekeepers will ever

bless the name of T. S. Arthur and the HOME MAGAZINE.

Perhaps it is superfluous for me to tell you of what you are happily aware, but I want you to know that one more of your numerous readers appreciate your work of benefiting mankind by bringing light, and hope, and instruction to their hearts and homes. And I feel most truly thankful to those who contribute their thoughts and experiences in your magazine. You and they never will know, save it be in the clearer, higher inspirations and memories of the hoped-for Better Land, how much of joy and comfort you have imparted to weary, perplexed and burdened hearts all over this land.

Years ago, when I was a tiny child, I read ARTHUR'S MAGAZINE with a sincere admiration and reverence that no other publication inspired. For some years past my life-boat has been drifting about, and destiny seemed to deny me the privilege of ever seeing a copy of my favorite. But a few months ago, having come into at least a temporary harbor, ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE is now a most welcome visitor at our hearthstone. To me it is an old friend restored, improved if possible, during the past separation. To some of the younger ones, it is a new-found joy. Only the little ones think their corner too small. Altogether it is a treasure.

PERLA WILD.

## Walters' Department.

### HOW TO LIGHTEN TROUBLE.

"On every height there lies repose."

GOETHE.

HAPPY LODGE, July 20th, 1882.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—You ask me how I think your troubles may be lightened. Let me in answering your query give you a few thoughts suggested by the above quotation. In order to lessen our trials, it is sometimes necessary to get above them; to tread them under foot as it were. When we climb a mountain, we leave the mists and unhealthy vapors of the valley beneath us. We find the air clear, invigorating; we forget the stifling atmosphere which almost overpowered us when we were shut up in the valley. I have often, in carrying out this idea, found it extremely beneficial to leave my work for a few moments and take up a book which possesses the elements of interest sufficient for my present need; some story of heroic endeavor; some account of victory won over adverse circumstances; or some well-written, first-class novel such as the pen of Dickens, Muloch, Whitney, and a host of others have given for our help and entertainment. I do not mention those writers of fiction who cannot give us a God in which to trust. Ah, no! they cannot help us in our need.

Now you may say, "I do not think it would do at all for me to leave my work and go to reading novels." Just wait a moment, my dear friend. Suppose, as I do, that your work is being performed with a tortured mind, so full of your trials and vexations that you cannot even rest in the

dear love of your Heavenly Father; for in your morbid state you are beginning to doubt His love for you. What you need to keep you from insanity, perhaps, morbid melancholy, probably, is to get into an atmosphere higher than your petty vexations (for the little bothers are the worst) where you cannot find them. Try just once, this experiment; leave your work; take up a book; send and buy one if necessary. And here let me call your attention to the "Seaside" and "Lake-side" publications. Of course, I mean the good books they issue. Never read a doubtful book, dear friend, I pray you. You will find the very best works of the very best authors put down in their lists of publications, and at such low rates that any one can buy. History, science and fiction are represented in these lists, and if you have but ten cents you can get something, while for thirty cents you can procure "Madame De Remusat's Letters;" and just think how many interesting things they would give you to think of! You act upon my suggestion, my friend, and when you have read awhile, you can return to your work to find it slipping through your fingers, while your mind is so busy with what you have been reading that you hardly know what a hard task you are accomplishing. If you do not approve of novels (yet what are our own lives but novels? sometimes not first-class, alas!) then get histories, or as I said, the "Memoirs of Madame De Remusat." Such works are quite as interesting as novels. So are such biographies as "Lord Macaulay's" or "Mrs. Somerville." You can find a road out of the wilderness if you try to find it.

Another suggestion which I would make is this,



when you find your own trials absorbing too much of your time and attention, drop your work, and throwing on bonnet and shawl, run in and visit the most cheerful of your lady friends, and if, during the visit, she invites you to attend her on a shopping expedition, accept the invitation, for the sight of the gay stores will do you good.

Perhaps during such a visit you may hear the sad history of some poor soul in a worse condition than you have been, or ever will be, and the recital of this story may be sent you just to show you how much worse off you might be but for the love of God. Remember this—you owe it to your husband and children to keep a cheerful home, and how can home be cheerful with a jaded, melancholy wife and mother? The mother is the sky above; if that sky be dark with clouds and tempest, how fearful the consequences!

For physical weariness I know of no better cure than a bath in tepid water, with or without a few drops, say one-half teaspoonful of ammonia (water of ammonia). Especially for tired feet and limbs this is most refreshing, making you feel like a new being. But do not bathe just after eating, and do not eat much when tired. If faint from hunger, beat up a raw egg in a pint of milk or milk and water; sweeten and flavor with nutmeg or lemon. Drink this slowly, adding, perhaps, a cracker, and then you will begin feeling better and stronger right away.

I have tried to give you some help, dear friend; but now I must, I fear, intrude on delicate ground, meddle, maybe, with what is none of my business. Yet it is my business to help, so I will "say on." In the first place, do not work during the evening. Have an early, light supper, and just put your foot down that you will not sew or do any kind of work in the evening. You will soon find that you can sleep nicely all night and rise an hour earlier in the morning; or if you now rise early you will find that you will feel rested and refreshed upon leaving your bed. If you will try this plan you will, I feel quite sure, be delighted with the re-

sults. It is an outrage on your poor human frame to slave up to the last moment of the night and drop upon your bed so worn out that you toss in positive agony before sleep comes to your relief. *Don't do that any more.* Ask your doctor, and he will agree with me.

Another suggestion I have to make is this. Never do any more work than you can do *pleasantly*. Just as soon as the harsh word flies to your lips, the impatient motion to your hand, nature is calling for rest. Drop everything then and rest. You will return to your work and finish it in half the time it would have taken before. If you are foolish enough to do your own washing and ironing, do not continue this hard work. Rather wear plain neat cambrics and gingham, and do without cake, pies and puddings, than to ruin your already poor constitution. I have said more than enough, perhaps; but I do most earnestly desire to assist you in ascending those "heights" whereon lie such sweet "repose." Your body often governs your mind, strange as it may seem. When jaded and weary you cannot think clearly or cheerfully upon any subject, and trials that otherwise would seem trivial are distorted and exaggerated until they assume colossal proportions.

Please try my recipes, and I think you will find yourself rising above your troubles; able to look upon them calmly, and, perhaps, invent some method of getting rid of them entirely. It is often resting to the brain to play with the little ones; help them cut out and fit paper doll's dresses; assist them in making picture scrap-books out of old atlas maps, and pictures cut from newspapers. Their amusing chatter will refresh you if you will let it, and they will be so happy to have you take an interest in their play. I have many more things to tell you, but my letter is too long already. Pray excuse what may appear impertinent, I only desire to help you up. With true love and sympathy I am,

Your friend,

RUTH ARGYLE.

## Religious Reading.

### TRUE SUCCESS.

IT often seems as if there were a perfection and wholeness in nature which humanity never attained. There are so many thousands and thousands of exquisite forms of life among the very lowest organisms that lie on the indistinct borderland between the vegetable and animal kingdoms, so many wonderful and invisible lives in the microscopic world. And as we go higher how full of color and grace and quick vitality are the creatures that surround us, the flowers and grasses under our feet. There is so rarely a failure that every rose, or feathery head of grain, or swift-winged song-bird might seem to us the loveliest possibility of its kind, if we had seen no other. But in humanity we find not only continual waste, but continual suffering, not only undeveloped minds, but whole races whose moral instincts seem to have been stunted in their growth. Nor does perfection (or the nearest approach to it which we

see), in character bring an increase of gladness, for such noble natures toil by the very law of life for others, and bear their burdens. It is the greatness of humanity to give, not to receive.

The secret of this incongruity—for so it appears—lies in a wise saying, that we see the whole of the life of a rose, but so little of man's. Man is born for eternity, and the Divine Providence, which cares for him from birth until death, and will care for him in all the life to come, regards only that which is infinite and eternal in him, and not that which is limited and transient. It is not the husk, or pod, which the gardener seeks to make fairer and stronger, it is the living germ within. So our Lord gives us wealth and power and beauty, or withholds them quite out of our reach, no matter how we cry for them, like impatient children, according as they will make us better, and therefore happier for eternity, and not according to the little pleasure we might have from them in our few days of earthly life. He desires

to give us all our hearts need—loveliness of face and form, to give joy to others and draw their love to us; wealth, to make our homes fair and delightful abodes; power, to move with strong activity in the world of life. He does not undervalue these gifts, for He is the only Giver of these and all good gifts.

"Your Heavenly Father," as our Saviour tenderly said, "knoweth that ye have need." But He wills to give us better things, love, truth, purity, and for eternity. Then all these may be added to us without hurt, and until His wisdom sees fit to bestow them, they would not be really blessings. But His eyes are tenderly watching that He may rejoice in giving more and more to our opening souls. "Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom."

If wealth and power will ripen in a man's nature his generous and tender traits, so that he will be indeed better, not in appearance, but reality, for the sunshine, he shall surely receive it. But if he needs the battling winds of adversity, the backward-flowing tides of disappointment and discouragement, the same Heavenly Father will lead him through these. For to God the eternal future is present, and He sees in the minutest details of our lives, now and here, the awful issues of all that is to come. It is the real and permanent in man which He seeks to make alive and restore to wholeness and joyous growth.

We must ourselves often be conscious of much in us that is neither real and permanent, and has no hold on our inner life. While there are some rare characters whose gentleness and purity bloom with an exquisite aroma of fragrance amidst the most trying and prosaic surroundings, there are others, unfortunately, whose social grace and sweetness seem to fall off, or be shaken from them at the first rough blast of a contrary fortune. Sometimes a trivial vexation or loss, not to speak of serious afflictions, will suffice to cast aside the soft external guise and reveal very harsh and ugly traits underneath. We all know the difference between those who are pleasant "if nothing crosses them," and those whose lasting good humor smiles through a rainy day, or a long, dusty summer, or many of the every-day discomforts that are so much harder to many natures because there is so little dignity or meaning apparent in them. They have, it is true, a high moral purpose as forming the finer discipline of human character, but it is only after they are either remedied or passed by, that one can draw their secret teaching from them.

In our affections and associations, also, we instinctively recognize some of whose companionship we rarely think, except in relation to this life, with whom we jest and laugh, and have "a good time"—and forget them; while there are others in our heart of hearts without the love of whom we cannot imagine ourselves. These wear the looks we remember in the dusk of the summer twilight, or that yet more spiritually living hour before dawn, when all that is noblest in purpose, or tenderest in affection, awakens in our soul. To their eyes we involuntarily turn to utter the very truth, to say the genuine word of life, or to confess in an even more eloquent silence the things that are of reality to us. We know that it is upon these deeper and purer affections that the heavenly associations and friendships must rest.

Yet, while we are actively at work here in our

daily sphere of interest and effort, enjoying the little brightnesses and surprises of common things, grieving over losses of outside things, the inner life is comparatively obscured to us. We do not vividly see either our own spiritual being or that of another. We must rest in the earnest faith, nevertheless, that although it is all shadowy and vague within to us, it is clear as the light in the eyes of our Father. He beholds our life as it may yet be in the angelic heavens. He has a Divine thought and desire for us and our welfare. No matter how trivial our occupations or how tedious our days, how useless our endeavors seem to us, He is working over and through us, with a purpose, steadily making all to conduce toward our eternal felicity. Perhaps our aim has failed; perhaps we have never accomplished anything we meant to do; yet, if by obedience and faith we have put our life in His hands, it shall not go down to the grave empty or barren. "It shall accomplish that wherunto I sent it." This is true success. The rest is of no consequence, either to the world or ourselves.

A true faith in the Divine Providence is chiefly a recognition and perception of this truth. If we labor in the dust of selfishness we will be easily depressed and disheartened, our failures will mean so much to us. But if we can look up toward this light we will not care so deeply or waste so much of the heart's life in deep regret. "Say unto the children of Israel that they go forward," is as much the trumpet-note of action to-day as in by-gone centuries. We must go forward if we would keep near the guiding-light of truth, for that is like the light of the day, waxing stronger and stronger until perfect noon.

Yet we must not imagine that our growth will be unchecked, or without interruption. All human attainment is necessarily intermittent. We have our changes of state, our moods and caprices. There are days when the fire beams brightly in the grate and the lark sings clear in the heavens, or other days, when our hearts are cold, tired or inert, and will not look upward. This trait of changefulness is common to us with all created nature. It is only God "with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning." There seems to be a beating, as it were, of the pulses of creation—a flux and reflux in her energies. The flame of the lamp moves to and fro, while it burns with every movement of the entering wind, but it continually aspires upwards. The brook chafes against every stone or little pebble with eddies and "netted currents," but it flows on at last to the great sea. It should be so with our life.

It is true that as our aim is directed to invisible and heavenly ends, our success will not be always apparent on earth. It will not consist in working out our individual plans, but in fulfilling thoroughly our part in the great body of humanity, and to see that fulfillment lies beyond the slope of our perceptions. We may understand better the nature of our work if we remember how, in the noblest days of art, a beautiful picture, temple or statue was created by many workmen under the guidance of a master. It was to the loveliness of the whole that each looked; and no matter how exquisite the workmanship, or how subtle the design, if the workmen did not aid in the harmonious development of the master's thought, the work was a flaw—a failure. So it is with humanity—a merely

personal aim, though skillfully reached, is a *mis-take*. In the course of time it is wiped out and forgotten, or used with other base materials for higher and nobler ends.

For the work of life, or creation, was not ended in the past ages, but God is forever creating man anew, "into His image and likeness." E. F. M.

## Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

### HOW BOBBY RYAN CAME NEAR BEING DROWNED.

"NEVER make an enemy even of a dog," said I to Bobby Ryan, as I caught at his raised hand and tried to prevent him from throwing a stick at our neighbor Howard's great Newfoundland. But my words and effort were too late. Over the fence flew the stick, and whack on Dandy's nose it fell. Now Dandy, a great, powerful fellow, was very good-natured, but this proved a little too much for him. He sprang up with an angry growl, and bounding over the fence as if he had been as light as a bird, caught Bobby Ryan by the arm and held him tightly enough to let his teeth be felt.

"Dandy! Dandy!" I cried, in momentary alarm, "let go. Don't bite him."

The dog lifted his dark-brown, angry eyes to mine with a look of intelligence, and I understood what they said: "I only want to frighten the young rascal."

And Bobby was frightened. Dandy held him for a little while, growling savagely, though there was a good deal of make-believe in the growl, and then tossed the arm away, leaped back over the fence and laid himself down by his kennel.

"You are a very foolish boy, Bobby Ryan," said I, "to pick a quarrel with such a splendid old fellow as that. Suppose you were to fall into the lake some day, and Dandy happened to be near, and suppose he should remember your bad treatment and refuse to go in after you?"

"Wouldn't care," replied Bobby; "I can swim."

Now it happened only a week afterward that Bobby was out on the lake in company with an older boy, and that in some way their boat was upset in deep water not far from the shore; and it also happened that Mr. Howard and his dog Dandy were near by and saw the two boys struggling in the water.

Quick as thought Dandy sprang into the lake and swam rapidly toward Bobby; but, strange to say, after getting close to the lad, he turned and went toward the larger boy, who was struggling in the water and keeping his head above the surface with difficulty. Seizing him, Dandy brought him safely to the shore. He then turned and looked toward Bobby, his young tormentor; he had a good many old grudges against him, and for some moments seemed hesitating whether to save him or let him drown.

"Quick, Dandy!" cried his master, pointing to poor Bobby, who was trying his best to keep afloat. He was not the brave swimmer he had thought himself.

At this the noble old dog bounded again into the water and brought Bobby to land. He did not

seem to have much heart in his work, however, for he dropped the boy as soon as he reached the shore, and walked away with a stately, indifferent air.

But Bobby, grateful for his rescue and repenting of his former unkindness, made up with Dandy on that very day, and they were ever afterward fast friends. He came very near losing his life through unkindness to a dog, and the lesson it gave him will not soon be forgotten.

### NEW ZEALAND.

THERE is a group of islands to the northeast of Australia nearly equal in size to England, and exactly on the opposite side of the world, called New Zealand. This country forms now an English colony, inhabited by white men and natives, who are called Maories—a brave, tall, dark race, with interesting traits of character.

Intercourse with wicked white men has taught them too many of the vices of civilization, and they are fast decreasing in numbers, being now only living in villages in the Northern Island. There were a few years ago about one hundred and fifteen thousand, divided into twelve great clans or tribes, the fighting men or warriors numbering about a quarter. The women till the ground and perform all the drudgery of life. The only work the men will do, besides fighting, is to carve the doorposts and gables of their houses in fantastic shapes and figures. They build themselves strong castles of piles of timber bound together, generally in the midst of thick woods, and defend them with rifles, bought from white traders, with the utmost courage and determination. The quarrels are generally about land, and it is to be feared the Maories have too often real grievances to resent.

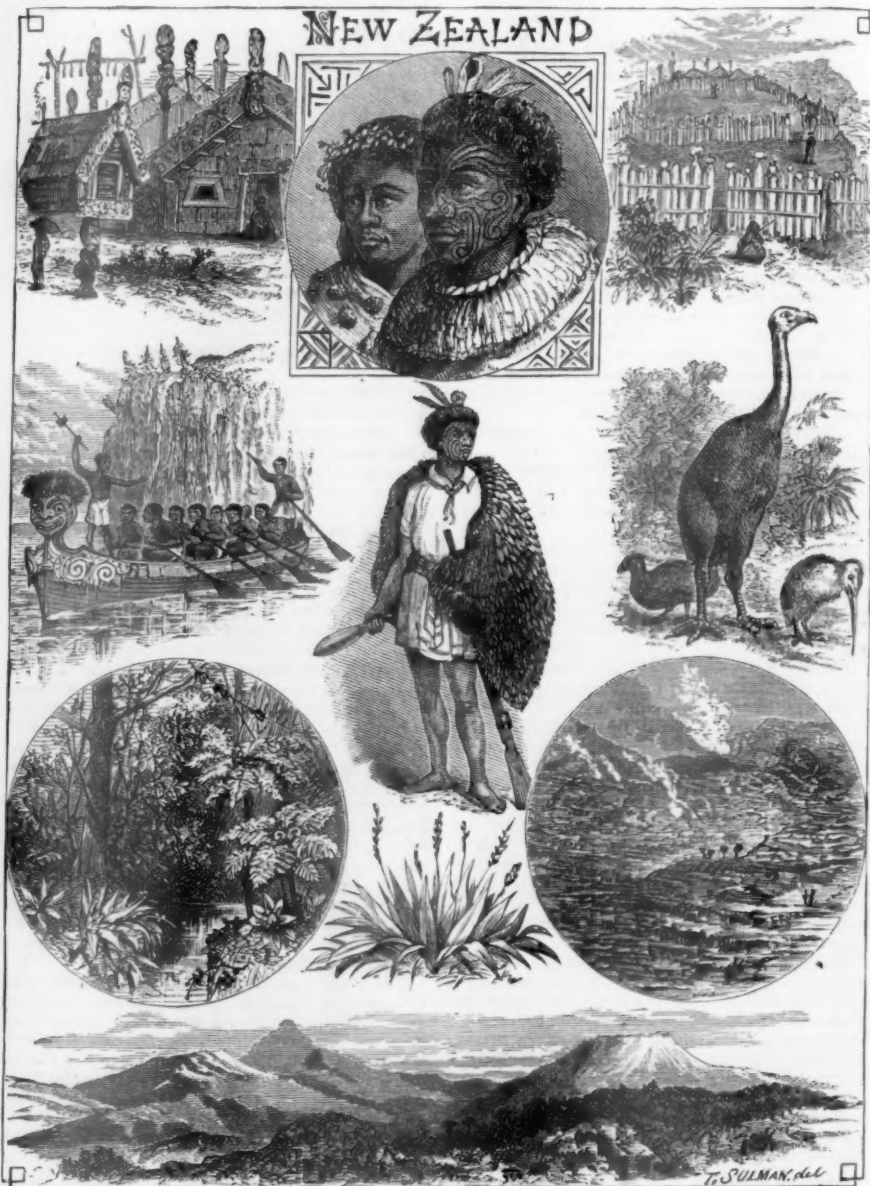
The New Zealanders tattoo their faces in most intricate patterns. The process, though it gives them excessive pain, is one they are very proud of, each man considering the pattern of his face to be his proper name.

The country is very beautiful and fertile, and will grow all English productions, besides many others only found in hot countries. The native trees are the giant ferns, New Zealand pine, the sandlenut tree, and a wonderful variety of shrubs and plants. One of the most useful is the New Zealand flax (*Phormium tenax*), shown in the engraving.

The animals of the island are small and unimportant; but the birds are very remarkable. The three in the illustration are all of the wingless order, the largest being the moa, the second the moho, and the third the kiwi, or apteryx. This last is the only one that has ever been brought alive to Europe, the other two having been seen by settlers and their remains frequently found.

But they are now never met with. The apteryx is a night bird, and lives on snails and earthworms, which it catches by probing the ground with its long, sensitive bill.

has also petrifying qualities, is shown in our illustration. The tallest mountain in New Zealand is in the Middle Island, and is called Mount Cook. It is thirteen thousand feet high. The rivers abound



The Northern Island is volcanic. There are several burning mountains and curious mud springs and geysers. One of the grandest, which in fish. The climate is mild and damp. The plains are beautifully covered with verdure, and feed immense flocks of sheep.



## Evenings with the Poets.

### THE CHAMBER OF SILENCE.

ONE autumn day we three,  
Who long had borne each other com-  
pany,  
Grief, and my Heart, and I,  
Walked out beneath a dull and leaden sky.

The fields were bare and brown;  
From the still trees the dead leaves fluttered down;  
There were no birds to sing,  
Or cleave the air on swift, rejoicing wing.

We sought the barren sand  
Beside the moaning sea, and, hand in hand,  
Paced its slow length and talked  
Of our supremest sorrows as we walked.

Slow shaking each bowed head,  
"There is no anguish like to ours," we said;  
"The glancing eyes of morn  
Fall on no souls more utterly forlorn."

But suddenly, across  
A narrow fiord wherein wild billows toss,  
We saw before our eyes,  
High hung above the tide, a temple rise—

A temple wondrous fair,  
Lifting its shining turrets in the air,  
All touched with golden gleams,  
Like the bright miracles we see in dreams.

Grief turned and looked at me,  
"We must go thither, O my friends," said she;  
Then saying nothing more,  
With rapid, gliding step passed on before.

And we—my Heart and I—  
Where Grief went we went, following silently,  
Till in sweet solitude  
Beneath the temple's vaulted roof we stood.

'Twas like a hollow pearl—  
A vast white sacred chamber, where the whirl  
Of passions stirred not, where  
A luminous splendor trembled in the air.

"O friends, I know this place,"  
Said Grief at last, "this lofty, silent space,  
Where, either soon or late,  
I and my kindred all shall lie in state."

"But do Griefs die?" I cried.  
"Some die—not all," full calmly she replied,  
"Yet all at last will lie  
In this fair chamber, slumbering quietly."

"Chamber of Silence, this;  
Who brings his grief here doth not go amiss.  
Mine hour hath come. We three  
Will walk, O friends, no more in company."

Then was I dumb. My Heart  
And I—how could we with our dear Grief part,  
Who for so many a day  
Had walked beside us in our lonely way.

But she, with matchless grace,  
And a sweet smile upon her tear-wet face,  
Said, "Leave me here to sleep,  
Where every Grief forgets at last to weep."

What could we do but go?  
We turned, with slow, reluctant feet, but lo!  
The pearly door had closed,  
Shutting us in where all the Griefs reposed.

"Nay, go not back," she said;  
"Retrace no steps. Go farther on instead."  
Then, on the other side,  
On noiseless hinge another door swung wide,

Through which we onward passed  
Into a chamber lowlier than the last,  
But, oh! so sweet and calm  
That the hushed air was like a holy psalm.

"Chamber of Peace" was writ  
Where the low vaulted roof arched over it.  
Then knew we grief must cease  
When sacred Silence leadeth unto Peace.  
JULIA C. R. DORR, in *Harper's Magazine*.

### A FLOWER FOR THE DEAD.

YOU placed this flower in her hand, you say?  
This pure, pale rose in her hand of clay!  
Methinks could she lift her sealed eyes  
They would meet your own with a grieved surprise.

She has been your wife for many a year,  
When clouds hung low and when skies were clear;  
At your feet she laid her life's glad spring,  
And her summer's glorious blossoming.

Her whole heart went with the hand you won;  
If its warm love waned as the years went on,  
If it chilled in the grasp of an icy spell,  
What was the reason? I pray you tell.

You cannot? I can! and beside her bier  
My soul must speak, and your soul must hear;  
If she was not all that she might have been,  
Hers was the sorrow—yours the sin!

Whose was the fault if she did not grow  
Like a rose in the summer? Do you know?  
Does a lily grow when its leaves are chilled?  
Does it bloom when its root is winter-killed?

For a little while, when you first were wed,  
Your love was like sunshine round her shed;  
Then a something crept between you two,  
You led where she could not follow you.

With a man's firm tread you went and came;  
You lived for wealth, for power, for fame;  
Shut into her woman's work and ways,  
She heard the nation chant your praise.

But ah! you had dropped her hand the while,  
What time had you for a kiss, a smile!

You two, with the same roof overhead,  
Were as far apart as the sundered dead.

You in your manhood's strength and prime;  
She—worn and faded before her time.  
'Tis a common story. This rose you say  
You laid in her pallid hand to-day?

When did you give her a flower before?  
Ah, well, what matter, when all is o'er?  
Yet stay a moment; you'll wed again;  
I mean no reproach; 'tis the way of men.

But I pray you think, when some fairer face  
Shines like a star from her wonted place,  
That love will starve if it is not fed,  
That true hearts pray for their daily bread.  
*Sunday Afternoon.*

### MATER DOLOROSA.

BECAUSE of little low-laid heads all crowned  
With golden hair,  
For evermore all fair young brows to me  
A halo wear;  
I kiss them reverently—alas! I know  
The stains I bear.

Because of dear but close-shut holy eyes  
Of heaven's own blue,  
All little eyes do fill my own with tears,  
Whate'er their hue;  
And, motherly, I gaze their innocent,  
Clear depths into.

Because of little, pallid lips which once  
My name did call,  
No childish voice in vain appeal upon  
My ear doth fall;  
I count it all my joys to share  
And sorrows small.

Because of little, dimpled, cherished hands  
Which folded lie,  
All little hands henceforth to me do have  
A pleading cry;  
I clasp them as they were small, wandering birds  
Lured home to fly.

Because of little, death-cold feet, for earth's  
Rough roads unmeet,  
I'd journey leagues to save from sin or harm  
Such little feet,  
And count the lowest service done for them  
So sacred, sweet!

MARY K. FIELD.

## Tidq and Character.

### FUSSY FOLKS.

THERE is such a thing as destroying the home by what is supposed to be the very perfection of housekeeping. The most immaculate of housekeepers are not always the loveliest women. If a woman is fussy, she is inefficient, and not a pattern housekeeper. Fussy people are usually too talkative and have no appreciation of the proverb: "A word fitly spoken, is like apples of gold in pictures of silver."

The fussy housekeeper is always flying; always in a hurry; always "tired to death;" always "in a stew;" her plumage is always ruffled, and her manner agitated. She persuades herself that she is doing wonders by digging and dusting, washing carpet, white-washing walls, fences, out-houses, palings and the trunks of the door-yard trees. She is bound to get rid of the "nasty, dirty dirt," especially in the early spring and in the fall. At these times, she digs, and splashes, and drudges, and makes a fool of herself, wasting her strength needlessly, straining her back, using up her nervous force and abusing her family. It is a pity that she never gets quite "done," until the last long resting spell comes.

The immaculate housekeeper does not make a good neighbor always. Her fussiness is infectious. Other women catch it. They don't mean to—they don't want to, but somehow it is carried in the air that makes the fussy woman's carpet flop on the fence or the line; the breeze that dallies with the flowers in the fussy woman's window; or the sunshine that makes her grassy yard look so beautiful and clean, and to show to such a good advantage when passers-by look that way. There's the

mischievous. Then other women catch the fever, and out go the carpets, and though the husbands decline and beg off, the fever rages, and other bay-windows are the result, and door-yards that cost backache, and headache, and cold dinners, and colder looks, and a good deal of money. And, additions must be built, and the "horrid cook stove" almost banished, as though it were a red-eyed demon, instead of an obedient vassal.

Many a man would like to see the fussy woman who unconsciously disturbs the domestic peace in her neighborhood punished as the scolds were two or three hundred years ago. (See ducking-stool in Webster's "Unabridged.")

The fussy housekeeper has specialties, and whims, and notions. She never does any by halves. She persuades herself that she is accomplishing a great deal by her fuming, which is only true that she makes total destruction of all peace and comfort within the limits of her sovereignty. Now there is a great deal to be done in every household, and it can be done without any fuss at all.

The whole operation of house-cleaning can be gone through easily, one room at a time, while the rest of the house is kept in its usual order. There is no sense in tearing things to pieces, and if this is so, and disorder does reign for a little while, there is no occasion to fret nor scold, nor go dirty, but to quietly set such agencies to work as will restore order again.

It is well to remember that all great agencies are noiseless. Heat, light, electricity, gravity, sleep, death, are wonderful agencies and they are all quiet, silent. Not a sound does either of them make. They all move on in their mighty missions.

They go and come, and we know nothing of them save by the results they leave behind.

The fussy housekeeper makes great parade over what she has done. She will show you the quantities of fruit she has canned, preserved and pickled; the heaps of bedding she has made; the store of fancy work; the shams, and spreads, and tidies; her wonderful array of houseplants, and her tongue will fly from one subject to another with ready utterance betraying the fussiness within the realm of thought.

We do not know what her husband thinks, poor man, he looks worried all the time. When he comes in to his meals, she is never calm, never ready to converse about the topics of the day, but meets him with a stare and begins to tell about the bills that have been presented, the fence that is down, the neighbor who is at fault, the flour that is low, the roof that leaks, or his shirts that all went to tatters in the last washing. She is tired of being the poorest dressed woman in town; wishes the grocer would hurry and get on some of the luscious fruits that people have already in the large cities; is bound to go to Niagara Falls if the Hubbards and Walters go again; don't see why his business don't bring in more money, and threatens to dun some of his debtors if he don't sue them. She has worked her fingers "nearly to the bone" in her efforts to make a living; has gone looking "like a woman-tramp," to help aave; has done the "labor of three women every day since they were married," and the money must go somewhere, or else they would be more prosperous.

The fussy woman makes her home unpleasant to herself and all about her. Her husband is cheerful out among men, but his weary, tired, forlorn expression of countenance tells the story. We lived one summer next door to a woman of this class. "Pitching in" was the word always on her tongue. And how she did "pitch in!" While we, from physiological reasons, sat a little at the breakfast-table and chatted with the different members of the family, giving the business of the day a kindly send-off, a harmonious starting-point, this woman would rise from a hasty meal that she had bolted down, roll up her sleeves, and say, "Now for it! Now I must pitch in, to-day!"

This announcement would cause a clattering of feet and chairs, and the family would hurry to get out of the way. She would make an attack on the plates, cutlery, and cups and saucers, clashing them all together in one promiscuous heap, switch the table-cloth from the window with a whirl, get two or three quarts of water in the pan for dishes, swash them as if in anger one over the other, tip them on edge to dry and, the "dishes were washed."

Then she caught up the broom in a sort of a fit, and attacked the floor. The chairs were thrown out of the way, stray newspapers flung anywhere, the cat hurried off with fuzzed up tail or helped out of the way with the assistance of a foot, and in less than two minutes, hung up on its nail behind the door was the broom, "the sweeping was done."

Then came the beds. Up-stairs, two steps at a time, went the smart woman, grabbed the pillows and spreads, flung them in a heap on the dusty carpet, gave the tick and mattresses a poke, or a jerk at each end, nothing more, sailed on the sheets

and the spreads two at a time, tossed the pillows where they belonged, and whirled and went downstairs at a reckless pace, saying in congratulatory whispers, "Another good job is done; the beds are all made."

She finds the dust has settled a little and she takes an old apron and flirts it here and there over the wood-work, window-sills, chairs and shelves, and then rejoices that another job is done.

Then she went down-stairs instead of up, and the clatter of pans and crocks follows, and before one has time to wonder what she is doing, she springs into your sight and you learn that she has skimmed the milk and washed "the things," worked over yesterday's butter, and put the cellar in good order.

The back yard next claimed her attention. It was "just too horrid," and she had stood it as long as human nature could hold out, so she rushed out there, tore down an old leach, V-shaped, that had stood for years, moved the pile of lumber left over from building the summer kitchen, dragged off an old harrow, a saw-horse, a cistern pump that was worn out, made a temporary coop for the chickens that were to hatch next Tuesday, split into kindlings two dilapidated pork barrels, and dug a hole and buried a lamb that lay all night with its head thrust through a crack in the board fence.

She comes in, her face is flushed, she pants for breath, and drops down into a chair, takes up the corner of her apron, wipes the moisture from her brow and declares that if she didn't "go on the jump and pitch in all the while from dawn till dark, there wouldn't be much work done."

She has no time to comb her hair. She runs her hands over it, says it is too bad, and that many a time she is inclined to have it cut off short, to save the trouble of combing and caring for it. Finally she lets it down, shakes it out, and then twists it up again, saying, "There, I've done a forenoon's work, nearly, and that comes of 'pitching in!'"

Before you have time to say a word about women wasting their vitality and not saving themselves, she is off like a shot attending to other things. This woman always goes cleanly dressed, but never wears collars and cuffs—only on Sundays. She goes with her sleeves rolled up all the time, her hair as far back from her forehead as possible, and she hardly ever wears a sun-bonnet. On washing-day she begins work early, and never stops to get dinner until the washing is all out, the floors mopped and the wood-work washed. The children are a trouble to her. She cuffs them and orders them "to clear out," to get out of her way, and declares that young ones are such a nuisance and require so much attention.

We thought there was only one consolation, perhaps, in store for this family. The mother will wear out, the constant daily routine of "pitching in" will undermine her constitution, and her place will be left for a successor, who will find a houseful of good things ready for her use and enjoyment. Housekeeping with the conveniences of nowadays is pleasant and healthful employment, and yet some women persist in calling it drudgery. It is drudgery if one does not plan her work beforehand and carry it out. There must be systematic arrangement. There should be a daily routine. If breakfast is late the work of the day is deranged; it will drag; will go at sixes and sevens. Then dinner will be late, and as a matter of course sup-

per will be late, also. In housekeeping almost everything hinges on breakfast. There are a good many little chores that can be attended to while breakfast is preparing, unless the woman is single-handed and has small children to look after. These small chores, such as putting the sitting-room in order, tidying up and putting things in place, consume only a few minutes, but if they come in the middle of the day seem arduous and are often neglected. The plan for the day should be based on early rising and getting an early breakfast. The forenoon is the time for work. We are more vigorous in the early part of the day. It is well to remember that brisk, muscular exercise should never come immediately after a meal. The results are serious if this is persisted in for a time. It is a good plan to fill and trim lamps soon after breakfast; never defer this job until evening or the time in which the lamps are needed.

The preparations for dinner and supper should be attended to, as far as may be, in the morning. This facilitates the getting of meals, and they will require less time and exertion. A good clock is indispensable, and the housekeeper should learn to "time things," and to fit into brief, odd spells, little jobs of work that else would take away "the blossom of the morning." Work by time and cook by time, measure and weight. Have no guess-work or hap-hazard.

We have often thought that such mottoes as "No Place like Home," "Home, Sweet Home," "Love Lightens Labor," and "God Bless Our Home," had better be changed for something like "A Little Leaven Leaveneth the Whole Lump," "A Time for Everything, and Everything in its Time," "A Place for Everything, and Everything in its Place," and that invaluable gem of a proverb, "He that Ruleth His Spirit is Greater than He that Taketh a City."

The routine of the week, with such variations as one prefers to make, is familiar to all housekeepers. Women have learned that slow and patient persistence have accomplished desirable results, and have conquered the most tedious and laborious tasks.

Sometimes we meet with the old-time housewives, who plod all day without planning. They will sit down in the morning to sew, or mend, or darn, and in the afternoon will churn, or iron, or bake bread. How much better to use the vigor in the morning for the hard work requiring muscular action and bustling activity, and then in the afternoon, in fresh collar and white apron, with a bow of ribbon or a flower in the smooth hair, sit down and rest and attend to the needlework. A woman always appears so womanly, and restful and gentle sitting with her work in her lap. She makes a pretty picture for her children to remember when they rise up and called her blessed.

Good wood, with kindlings, chips, bits of split boards, hickory bark and such things should be in reach at all times, not for daily use, but in case of emergency. We even save coarse wrapping paper that has been used to stand pies or bread on; when just one little flash of heat is required this fills the bill exactly. With such fuel the cook can prove herself competent for the occasion, even if it be "supper for two in ten minutes."

We rose very early one morning last summer at a hotel, with the headache, and sat by the open

window, where we could look right down into the kitchen. The fire wouldn't burn. The girls were mad and stormed and scolded. A boy was sent for the proprietor to come to the kitchen. Now the night before we had hesitated about stopping there, for this very man's face looked so stern and hard, and his eyes were so cutting and his voice so irritating and harsh that he seemed really insolent. We held our throbbing temples, dreading the storm. He came in, looked around, and addressing the chief help, a thin, yellow, short-haired, bent-over woman, said in a voice full of sorrowful kindness and pity:

"Nancy, you know I always look after the dry wood and kindlings, but I did forget it this time, and I'm real sorry. It is all my fault." Then, taking a dry pine board he called a boy and said, "Jamie, cut that right up for Nancy as quick as you can; this is an uncommon occasion, mind, and don't you ever do the like again unless I tell you to. And now, Nancy, that's a good girl, rush up the breakfast as soon as you can, and don't discharge me for this; 't won't happen again."

And his face, as he turned and went out of the kitchen, was really a good, benigun and quite handsome face. After that we always stopped at the Tremont House, and that stern, strongly-marked old countenance was never repulsive again.

How to keep cool and not to be fussy; how to live happy, and well and sensibly, and how to make a well-balanced mind hold sovereign sway over the physical life and engender harmony throughout one's entire mental, moral and intellectual being, is the great problem. Can it be accomplished? Surely. We live by our souls, and not by our bodies, in a great measure. Our bodies have no life in themselves. They are only resources of life, tenements of our souls.

We worry too much about ourselves and our affairs. We make ourselves miserable by magnifying our cares and trials; by looking beyond and afar and into the dim darkness, which we people with visionary troubles. It is well with us, but we will not recognize the fact. We grope with uplifted hands and stumble, while the blessed light of the beautiful present, teeming with good gifts, beams down upon us. We wrap ourselves around with fancied ills and glory in our self-imposed habits of fussiness.

ROSELLA RICE.

A HUNCHBACK'S WOOING.—A pretty story is told of Moses Mendelssohn, the founder of the family whose name has a sound of music in it. He was a hunchback, and a young Hamburg maiden rejected him because he was misshapen. He went to bid her good-bye, and, while he was making a last supreme effort at persuasion, she did not lift her eyes from her sewing. "Do you really think marriages are made in Heaven?" she asked. "Yes, indeed," he replied, "and something especially wonderful happened to me. At the birth of a child proclamation is made in Heaven that he or she shall marry such and such an one. When I was born my future wife was also named, but at the same time it was said, 'Alas, she will have a dreadful hump on her back.' 'O God,' I said then, 'a deformed girl will become embittered and unhappy, whereas she should be beautiful! Dear Lord, give me the hump, and let the maid be well-favored and agreeable!'" The girl could not resist such wooing as that, and threw her arms around his neck.



## Health Department.

### KATY CASTLETON'S CLUB.

KATY did not meet with the women the last day. An accident befell one of her sister's children, and she was sent for and did not reach home in time. So we all prevailed on Mrs. Bradley, the wife of the Episcopal minister, to take the chair. While some one was sorting the rags and giving out the colors to be put into separate balls, Eva Jeffries read aloud an item from the fresh daily. That gave us something to talk about for a good while.

The import of the item was that more farmers and farmers' wives were in the lunatic asylums than any other class. Eva paused and asked old Auntie Belle Stevens beside her if she thought it were really true. The good, sensible, old lady had no doubt of the truth of the assertion, and in her homely way she said:

"Just look and see for yourselves. Farmers' wives sleep less than any other class of women. They go to bed late and they rise very early, long enough before they are half-rested. The milking must be tended to and the farm-hands must be out betimes, and the women are so hurried that they don't get much good of their meals. They eat what is before them in a hurry, many times more from custom than because they have an appetite, or because it tastes good. One farmer's wife used to say that she always eat breakfast because it was 'fillin', and if she didn't eat she would get hungry before noon. The pressure becomes greater than they can stand and they go crazy, or die, or break down into poor, nervous creatures who never know what good health is afterwards. It is common to meet with farmers' wives who are carrying burdens heavy enough for strong men to bear."

After we were all busy at work our thoughts were on the subject still, and we were glad when Professor McWilliams's wife asked Mrs. Bradley to talk awhile on the subject. The other women with united voices re-echoed the request, and after trying modestly to decline, without succeeding, Mrs. Bradley dwelt on the theme, very much to our edification and delight. She said, as nearly as we can remember:

"I have learned both by study and observation that the demands of the body for rest and nourishment vary with the activities of the body. Where the waste of muscular toil alone is to be repaired, plain food and seven or eight hours of sleep are all one needs. But with many of our farmers' wives, the care of the dairy and of their household is more wearing than the physical labor they perform, though that may be constant and extend from daylight until late bedtime. Besides working they must think of everything, and they wear upon the heart the burden of care that a large household inevitably brings.

"It is true that a great many women, and especially farmers' wives, do not allow themselves time to eat. They seem to think that if everybody else is served and satisfied, it is of little consequence that their stomachs do not clamor for food, or cannot relish the nutriment they present them, and so, half-fed at breakfast, they enter upon

the arduous duties of the day with only the stimulus, perhaps, of a cup of tea or coffee and a mouthful of bread and butter. The fact is, the substance of the brain is wasted by mental toil, by care or grief, and must be built up again with brain food and abundant sleep. More people go crazy from want of sleep than from any other cause. It is good economy, and health and wealth to eat nutritious food and allow full time for plenty of sleep.

"Brain food is eggs, milk, poultry, game, shell-fish, juicy steaks and wheat-bread, while pork, cabbage, onions, potatoes and corn-bread are relished by men and women who labor with their muscles; but the thinker and writer cannot feed upon them alone for any length of time without loss of power; neither can she whose brain is consumed with care. It pays in every sense to take pains with one's food, and time is never better invested than in good, sound, unbroken sleep. A mother and wife can do no wiser and better thing for her husband and her children than to take good care of herself, keep her body in high physical condition, and her mind fresh and bright.

"I know it is hard for a farmer's wife to do all this, with cows to milk, pigs to feed, hired men to care for, a family of little children so dependent on mother, and all the necessary household cares, that will multiply sometimes tenfold, and yet she had better omit some things, or leave them in the hands of as good help as she can obtain, than to lose her health or her reason. The dilemma has horrors."

"Well, I am glad to know these things," said Auntie Hull, the woman who boarded students. "Sometimes I am puzzled to know what is best to cook in cold weather, what would agree best with hard study and cold, snowy days. Then again I don't know what food the poor fellows could study on best."

The women united in urging Mrs. Bradley to continue the subject in an easy, conversational way, simplifying as much as possible.

"Well," she continued, "the three requirements of the body which food is intended to meet are the production of animal heat, of muscular and of mental force. In other words, food may be divided into respiratory, that which supports combustion in the lungs, and nitrogenous, that which makes muscle and supplies the waste caused by exercise either of mind or body. As we might suppose, the leading constituent of food which warms the body is carbon or coal. This enters largely into the composition of starch and of oils. The amount of food demanded to sustain the vital heat is five times greater than that required to repair the waste of muscular tissue—we eat five pounds of food for warmth to one for strength. In winter we require, of course, more carbon in our food than in summer, and that is the reason why dishes rich in oily matters are more popular on our tables, such as doughnuts, rich pies, sausage, fat meats, puddings, and all highly-flavored concentrated food of all sorts. The air in the winter months, deprived of the watery vapor which dilutes it, so to speak, in warm weather, is very pure, and contains a large percentage of oxygen, which de-

mands corresponding supplies of carbon in the lungs to support combustion.

"Articles of food richest in nitrogen or muscle-making power are the red parts of beef, mutton, venison, chicken, and the white of egg. They contain about fifteen per cent. of nitrogen, or about one-seventh of their weight. Wheat is the richest of all grains in nitrogen, and beans of all vegetables."

"What of that favorite dish, pork and beans?" asked Mrs. Hamilton, the little wife of a Yankee farmer.

"The nitrogen of the beans goes to supply the waste of muscular activity and the fat of the pork gives carbon to keep up the vital heat; a very good dish for workmen in cold weather. Cabbage contains quite a proportion of nitrogen, and that makes it a great demand among hard-working people, while those who lead sedentary lives do not find the wants of their system met by these articles of diet."

Mrs. Howard, the doctor's wife, in answer to Mrs. Bradley's request to tell what kind of food intellectual and sedentary people should eat, said:

"There is a class of food to which Mrs. Bradley has made allusion particularly adapted to meet the wants of those who require large supplies of mental and nervous force. In this class I must place tenderloin steak, eggs, oysters, game, venison, fine flour, tapioca and such articles of food.

"These, besides being highly nutritive, are stimulating, or pass at once into the blood and reinforce the vital powers.

"When my husband, the doctor, has a difficult case to study, I give him to eat, oysters boiled or stewed, eggs in some form, and steak; these with good bread and butter, meet the demand of his system as well as anything I can provide. If he is going out on a long, cold ride, I fortify his stomach with a cup of good, hot coffee, boiled ten or fifteen minutes, instead of two or three minutes, a plate of buckwheat cakes and maple syrup, for buckwheat is very rich in oil, and syrup is composed largely of carbon—with eggs, steak, or some highly nutritive and concentrated meat, and baked apples or some form of fruit. When he comes home, I have ready, hot soup, roast meat with vegetables, and tapioca or rice pudding. Tapioca and rice, like potatoes and all that class of food, are principally composed of starch into which carbon enters largely. Eggs and milk supply the nitrogenous matters."

A woman who had been intently listening, a Mrs. Conine, from Iowa, who was visiting her sister, Judy Plumb, modestly asked if cheese was a good article of food.

Mrs. Howard replied, "New milk cheese when about six or seven months old, forms a very excellent dish for daily food. It is composed of about equal parts of oily matter, caseine or curd, and water, and should be eaten with bread and other preparations of starch. Old cheese is used as a condiment rather than as a food, as the acids which it contains aid in the process of digestion."

Mrs. Plumb, who by the way is not much like a sugar plum, then inquired, "How about mince pies? I hope they are not to be set aside as hurtful."

Mrs. Howard said, "They should be eaten at

dinner, and always after dishes not rich nor highly concentrated. In that case they are less hurtful than when forming a dessert after a hearty dinner. Plain food and mince pie agree pretty well together in most healthy stomachs if one does not go to sleep too soon after eating them. A well-compounded mince pie with due proportions of fruit, flesh and seasoning, is rarely injurious to most people."

"Another thing," said Mrs. Conine, "that has always bothered me. In reading recipes where it says milk, does it mean sweet or sour milk? Ruth made some cookies the other day, and they were heavy; made them with sweet milk."

Mrs. Howard nodded to the minister's wife, Mrs. Bradley, saying:

"You know best, Sister Bradley. You make the best cake, crullers and cookies, that I ever tasted."

The little woman almost blushed at the honest flattery, as she replied:

"In general, where soda is used there must be some acid for it to neutralize, forming carbonic-acid gas, which rising through the dough as the cake bakes gives it lightness. That is the plain chemistry of it. Now if you use sweet milk, cream of tartar must be mixed with the flour to give an acid for the soda to effervesce with; if you use buttermilk, or sour milk, cream of tartar is unnecessary; or, dispensing with both acid and alkali, sift yeast powder or sea-foam with your flour and use sweet milk or water."

"You make your own baking-powder in preference to buying, do you not, Mrs. Howard?" asked one of the women.

"Always; I get the druggist to compound the ingredients after my own recipe," she answered. And then several of the women took out paper and pencil, which significant act was understood, and the lady at home in every department gave her manner of compounding baking-powder.

"Take eight ounces of flour, or cornstarch, either—eight of pure English bi-carbonate of soda, and seven ounces of tartaric acid; mix thoroughly by passing several times through a sieve."

The Iowa woman who keeps boarders, said one of her boys, a Mr. S. Foot, was very fond of "rye and Indian" bread, and she had never yet learned the formula for making it. If any lady present had a tested recipe she would gladly obtain a copy.

At this Mrs. Hamilton, a Yankee born and bred, reeled off the old recipe used by the Hamiltons, and the Fergusons before them, and the Aylesworths, and the Masons who came over in the Mayflower: "Of unbolted rye-meal and unbolted corn-meal take two pints of the former and three of the latter, sift through a coarse sieve separately. Upon the corn-meal pour half a pint of molasses and scald it thoroughly; cool with sour milk or buttermilk, then add the rye-meal, salt to taste, put in soda enough to neutralize the acid in the sour milk. Make it soft or it will be dry when baked. Pour into a deep pan and bake three hours. It may be raised over night with baker's yeast, or made with yeast powder, in the latter case it must be baked right away."

Mrs. Plumb said if she were not ashamed to betray her ignorance she would like to ask the question, why brown bread is called wholesome, more so than wheaten bread.

The reply from Mrs. Bradley was to the point: "It is especially wholesome for persons of weak digestion, and is good for everybody in cold weather. Composed as it is of corn-meal, rye-meal and molasses, all of which contain carbon in considerable proportions, it supplies the heat-producing power with fuel. Being coarse in its atoms, the digestive fluids of the alimentary canal find little difficulty in attacking and subduing it so that it is easily assimilated by the body, and for dyspeptic and sedentary people is more wholesome than bolted wheat-bread."

"Cracked wheat and oat-meal mush may be eaten with similar results but they are less palatable than good brown bread."

Half a dozen women had questions to ask, but as it was near the hour for closing, they forbore. We overheard one woman ask another if she had "system" about her housework, and the reply was:

"Yes; if I had not, I never could get through. Every day has its chores, and its regular duties to be done, and I manage so that my afternoons are my own, unless company comes and breaks on my routine. On Monday I wash; Tuesday, iron;

Wednesday, bake, and scrub kitchen and pantry; Thursday, clean silverware, look after shelves, pots, kettles, and store-room and cellar; Friday, general sweeping and dusting; Saturday, bake and scrub kitchen and prepare for Sunday. When folding the clothes off the frame after ironing, I examine and see that none are laid away lacking buttons or mending. Try to keep cool and self-possessed, for any work done quietly seems easier done than to fuss and fume, and rush and hurry. The quiet workers are the ones who accomplish most, they last longest, and certainly are the most even-tempered and amiable."

Mr. Jack Dorland was driving by with a great frame on his wagon that farmers call "hay-rigging," and so many of the women went up the elm road past his house, that when his wife ran out to ride home with Jack, they piled on to the rigging like daws in a hawthorn and rode away with laughter and merriment.

The hours had been profitably spent and pleasant, and we hope the women will remember and practice what our doctor's and minister's wives told them.

CHATTY BROOKS.

## Housekeepers' Department.

### THE BAKING-POWDER WAR.

THE Royal Baking-Powder Company is still making enemies among those who are manufacturing and selling impure articles for leavening purposes (and their name is legion), and this fact shows that it is continuing its vigorous work in the interests of the public. This Company set out some time ago to expose the character, and so far as possible to break up the sale of adulterated baking-powders. Having found from an examination of a number of specimens procured from grocers that they were generally of an inferior character, some devoid of all leavening properties, and many of them actually poisonous, it brought the matter before the public, denounced the makers by name in the press and to the health authorities. The affair was speedily taken up by physicians, Boards of Health and Legislatures throughout the country, chemists were employed to make scientific tests of the various powders in the market, and the Government itself directed analyses to be made before it would purchase the supplies needed for army, navy and Indian uses. The result more than justified the charges so boldly made by the Royal Company. Not only were the majority of baking-powders in the market found to be largely adulterated, but many of them were ascertained to contain alum and other poisonous ingredients to such an extent as to render them positively unsafe for use in human food. The information spread throughout the country and created a profound sensation. As a result many of these injurious mixtures were driven out of the market, and the sale of all of them seriously interfered with. No occurrence of recent date has been so far reaching as this in its beneficial influence upon the public health, and the boldness of the Royal Baking-Powder Company in the inauguration of such a warfare, and their energy in carrying it forward

with such important results, were universally commented upon and appreciated. In making the charges they did not hesitate to enter into competition with every other baking-powder in the country, and it is a public satisfaction that in all the tests and analyses made, the Royal Baking-Powder was placed at the head of the list and declared by Boards of Health and by the Government chemists, Drs. Mott and Love, to be the superior of all others in strength, and absolutely pure and free from all inferior substances.

In continuing this warfare against the adulterated food, more particularly the alum and otherwise impure and inferior baking-powders which unscrupulous manufacturers are endeavoring to force upon the market in this locality, the Royal will undoubtedly meet with the old-time opposition and abuse. We are confident, however, that the public will also appreciate, as heretofore, both the action of the "alum men," and the action of the Royal Company, and award full justice to the company that has so fearlessly stood up for its protection from all such adventurers.

### RECIPES.

**A PLAIN SWEET OMELET.**—Break six eggs in a bowl, beat them very light, add a little salt, some grated lemon rind, a spoonful of milk, also one of water, a teaspoonful of powdered sugar. Fry it as other omelets; roll it up; place with a doily underneath, on a hot dish.

**FRENCH TOAST.**—Beat four or five eggs very light, stir them into a pint of rich milk, slice some baker's bread. Dip the slices into the egg and milk, then lay them carefully into a pan of hot lard or butter and fry brown; sprinkle some powdered sugar over each slice when taken out.

**SPONGE JELLY PUDDING.**—One pint of fine bread-crumbs, one quart of milk, one cup of sugar, the yolks of four eggs beaten, the grated rind of a lemon. Bake until done, but not watery. Whip the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth; beat in a teacupful of sugar, in which has been strained the juice of the lemon; spread over the pudding a layer of quince or apple jelly; pour the whites of the eggs over this; replace in the oven; brown slightly. A very good substitute for bread-crumbs are a few slices of stale cake.

**EGGS WITH CHEESE.**—Put two tablespoonfuls of grated cheese in a saucepan with a tablespoonful of butter, salt and a little cayenne, five eggs broken in place on the fire. Stir three or four minutes; serve on toast.

**TO BAKE EGGS.**—Butter the dish, break four or five eggs, add pepper, salt and butter. Pour in the dish; bake in oven five minutes, or till well set; serve hot.

**TOMATO FRITTERS.**—Take one quart of stewed tomatoes, one egg, one small teaspoonful of soda, stir in flour enough to make a batter like that for griddle cakes. Have some lard, very hot, on the stove; drop the batter in, a spoonful at a time, and fry.

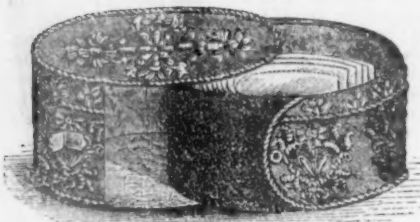
**A QUINTON OMELET.**—Have your pan ready heating on the stove. beat the yolks of three eggs, with one and a half tablespoonfuls of cornstarch and a tablespoonful of salt well together. Beat the whites separately to a stiff froth. Add the yolks and constant mixture; stir lightly and drop into it a half a cupful of milk; put a tablespoonful of butter or drippings in the hot pan; as soon as it melts pour in the omelet; let it brown, but not burn; cook about seven minutes; fold over and turn out in a hot dish.

**COFFEE CAKE.**—One cup of sugar, one cup of molasses, half-cup of butter, two eggs, half-pound of raisins, half-pound of currants, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one of cloves, one nutmeg, one teaspoonful of baking-powder, four cups of flour. Bake one hour in a hot oven.

**RICE MUFFINS.**—One cup of cold, boiled rice, one pint of flour, two eggs, one quart of milk, or enough to make a thin batter, one tablespoonful of butter, a teaspoonful of salt. Beat hard and bake quickly in small muffin rings. These muffins are delicious.

**POOR KNIGHTS.**—Cut a roll into thin slices; beat up two eggs with one pint of milk; sugar and nutmeg to taste. Put the slices of roll to soak in this custard; fry them a nice brown.

## Fancy Needlework.



**COLLAR-BOX ORNAMENTED WITH EMBROIDERY.**—The foundation of the box is of cardboard, or an old leather box that has become shabby may easily be covered and be made to appear quite new. The box is covered with dark purple velvet, embroidered with gold thread and silk. Four repeats of one pattern can be arranged for the top of the box, and the two may be alternated for the sides. The velvet is sewn to the box, and the stitches are hidden with a silk and gold cord.

### DESCRIPTION OF FANCY-WORK ENGRAVINGS.

**NOS. 1 AND 5.—WORK-BASKET.**—The basket is of brown wicker; it is lined with gold-colored satin, and is edged with the hairpin-work border shown in No. 1. Two rows of the hairpin-work are used; the lower one is worked on a smaller pin than the upper. The hairpin border is worked with blue Berlin wool, and a length of gold thread together, and the two lengths are sewn together with gold thread. One length of the hairpin bor-

der is placed inside the rim of the basket, and one outside; tassels are knotted into every fourth loop of the outside border; these tassels are made by tying several lengths of wool together, folding them in half, and twisting wool round them about half an inch from the top. The handle is ornamented with small balls and one large one at each end.

**NOS. 2 AND 3.—LACE: GUIPURE NETTING.**—This pretty lace is suitable for trimming curtains, etc. The pattern is shown in miniature in No. 2, and in the full size in No. 3.

**NO. 4.—WORK-BASKET.**—The basket is of straw plait; it is embroidered with four designs worked with crewels; the edges are finished with a trimming of scarlet waved braid and crochet worked with wool. The trimming is laid on inside the top of basket; it is turned over and is fastened down with balls of wool; similar balls also ornament the sides, handles and bottom of basket; larger balls are placed under the top of the handles.

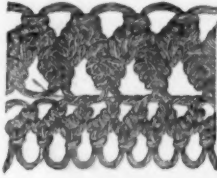
**NO. 5.—See No. 1.**

**NO. 6.—FIRE SCREEN.**—The foundation of the screen is deal; the panels may be either painted or embroidered upon; the frames are covered with plush, which must be chosen to suit the furniture of the room for which the screen is intended. These screens, made small, are used to hide the stove in summer instead of fireplace ornaments.

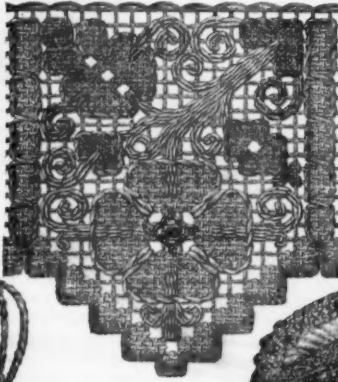
**NO. 7.—BORDER: EMBROIDERY.**—The border is worked on olive woolen reps in long and couching stitches with blue and red crewels; the founda-



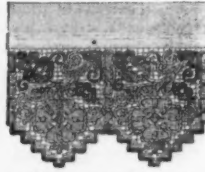
dition is left unworked for the dark part of the design. The design is suitable to be worked on chairseats, or as a border for curtains or tablecovers. stitch; they are finished with macramé lace, cord and tassels. A strong woolen rep is a very suitable foundation for the back and seat of the



NO. 1. - BORDER FOR HUNGARY.



NO. 2. - DETAIL OF NO. 1.



NO. 3. - LACE 'GUILFEE' DESIGN.



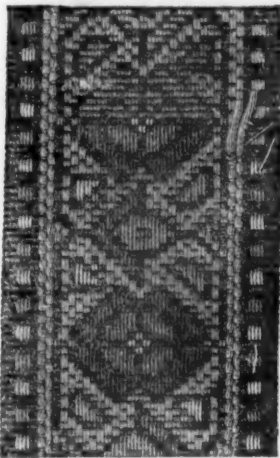
NO. 4. - WORK BASKET.



NO. 5. - WORK BASKET.



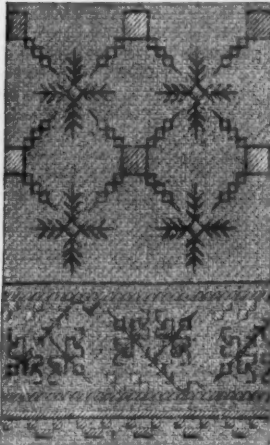
NO. 6. - FIRE SCREEN.



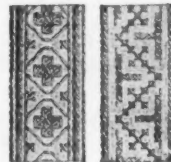
NO. 7. - BORDER: ENDIGRANT.



NO. 8. - GARDEN-CHAIR.



NO. 9. - BORDER: LONG STITCHES.



NOS. 11 TO 12. - BORDERS: CROSS AND ITALIAN STITCHES.



NO. 10. - BORDER: LONG STITCHES.

No. 8.—GARDEN-CHAIR.—The framework of the chair is of bamboo; the seat and back are of crash, embroidered with olive and red in cross-stitch; if this be used, the border shown in No. 7 could be worked upon it in place of the designs shown.

No. 9.—BORDER: LONG-STITCH.—The border is worked entirely in long-stitches; it will make a pretty trimming for children's dresses, petticoats, etc., if worked with embroidery silk or crewel; canvas is placed upon the material, and the threads drawn away when the work is finished.

No. 10.—BORDER: LONG-STITCHES.—This

border is worked on congress canvas in long-stitches.

Nos. 11 to 13.—BORDERS: CROSS AND ITALIAN STITCH.—These borders are suitable to be worked round doilies, serviettes, sideboard-cloths, etc., in ingrain cotton, marking silk, or crewels. They are also pretty for ornamenting children's dresses, aprons, etc.

## Fashion Department.

### FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

NEW mountain dresses are of soft, lightly-woven flannels, of white, cream, navy-blue, black-blue, cadet-blue, gray and copper-red tints. Most of them are made with Norfolk jackets, or close fitting Jersey basques, and short skirts, either with or without kilt plaitings and sash draperies by way of trimming. Some are further ornamented by rows of white or colored fancy braids. Such costumes, to be stylish should be simply made, as though intended to be used for what they were designed. With such dresses are often worn standing linen collars and plain silk neckties, like gentlemen's broad-brimmed, rough straw hats, trimmed with white mull, or tarlatan; light canvas shoes, laced in front; and long, stout Bernhardt gloves. Parasols, to be used on mountain expeditions, are sensible big umbrellas, sometimes of red, or blue twilled calicoes. Artificial flowers are not used on either hats or parasols, with these costumes, as it is now "the thing," to decorate them daily with the natural flowers found in the wearer's rambles.

The newest evening dresses are white, cream or shrimp pink, but all of one material, the combination style now being preferred for remodeling half-worn costumes. Still, this is a matter of taste. Nun's veiling and other pretty fabrics of light, soft wool, remain popular for young girls, in preference to more expensive materials. Many toilettes of these goods are decorated almost to excess with creamy, inexpensive laces.

For a long time there has been little new in neckwear. Large white muslin ties seemed to be the standard. Now a white muslin tie is seldom seen. The one universal way of dressing the neck is, in a round, linen collar, fastened in front by a bunch of long loops and ends of bright ribbon, about two inches wide. But, of course, this is not the only way. Fancy, broad collars and collar-ettes of lace, embroidered muslin, and ribbon are

worn by ladies to whom they are becoming. Immense muslin handkerchiefs, or rather little shawls, edged with lace, are doubled and massed around the throat, sometimes with the point in front, and the ends brought around under it. Crepe lisse ruches are caught together with *jabots* and cascades of lace and ribbon, or a spray of artificial flowers. Perhaps the newest mode of all is to take a long lace scarf and wind it around and around the neck many times, until only the ends are left, and then draw these together with a gold pin, a knot of ribbon or a flower.

White Leghorn hats, faced with colored velvet, and trimmed with a mass of white plumes, are always fashionable, as they correspond with any dress. Other hats are immense ones of red, blue, green or brown straw, trimmed with silk pompons of a color to match, or feathers. Many hats, even dressy ones, are faced with shirrings of white Swiss, and often encircled with clouds of the material. The lawn tennis hat is the newest and queerest of the season. It is made of what is called art-colored felt, is very flaring, and is adorned with an immense sunflower or daisy, either embroidered or painted upon the felt. Of hats there is any variety—the only essential point is, they must be big.

Fancy parasols are of light-colored silks, trimmed with flowers and lace. A novelty is the straw parasol, trimmed with black velvet streamers and gay tulips. Of course the plain black or brown silk umbrella can always be carried.

Long, tan-colored gloves, either of dressed or undressed kid, still hold their own, but they are slowly dividing popularity with the long silk and lace gloves.

And still we have colored hosiery, in red, amber, and old old-gold tints, striped, mottled or plaid.

A novelty in buttons is small fruit, or buttons carved and colored to represent blackberries, raspberries and tiny crab-apples.

## Notes and Comments.

### A New Theory of Disease.

A SOMEWHAT startling theory as to the existence of certain diseases has recently been announced, viz.: That they have their origin in the presence of microscopical animalcula, or parasites. Among the diseases mentioned are consumption, leprosy, malaria, typhoid fever, scar-

latina, diphtheria. In the last two or three years very careful experiments have been made by European and American physicians in this direction, and it is now announced that the parasitic origin of the diseases named has been certainly ascertained, the animalcula peculiar to the disease being found in the blood sputa or excretions in large numbers. Dr. J. A. Oesterlong, in an address

before the American Medical Society at St. Paul, Minn., declared that by the recent discoveries of animalcula which caused disease, "the lancet had been practically superseded by the microscope."

Referring to malarial diseases, so common with us and so destructive of life in various parts of the world, as having been attributed to the action of a peculiar miasm, so subtle as to have for a long time eluded the observation of even the most industrious searcher, he says:

"It seems, however, that its nature has at last been ascertained. In 1879, Professor Tommasi Crudeli, of Rome, and Professor Klebs discovered a parasite in the soil of malarial districts. The parasite was never found where malaria is unknown. The parasites were invariably found in the blood of persons suffering from malarial disease, but never in those free from such disease. Blood drawn from the veins of persons affected with malaria, and injected into the subcutaneous tissues of dogs, reproduces the disease in these animals. Eklund, of Sweden, several years ago declared intermittent, remittent and pernicious fever to be caused by a vegetable parasite."

### Gossip.

"WHAT is the cure of this social vice?" asks the *Home Journal*, and then answers, that it is "simply culture." That culture which gives food for thought, and creates an interest in true, and beautiful, and substantial things. Idle gossip about persons and the trifling events of a neighborhood comes oftener from mental vacancy than from malignancy or ill-nature. "Good-natured people," says the *Journal*, "talk about their neighbors because, and only because, they have nothing else to talk about. Gossip is always a personal confession, either of malice or imbecility, and the young should not only shun it, but by the most thorough culture relieve themselves from all temptations to indulge in it. It is low, frivolous, and too often a dirty business. There are country neighborhoods in which it rages like a pest. Churches are split in pieces by it. Neighbors make enemies by it for life. In many persons it degenerates into a chronic disease, which is practically incurable."

### Insects on the Surface of Oranges.

THE following, which we take from *Chambers's Journal*, will be new to most of our readers:

When a dish of oranges is seen on the table for dessert, the fact is hardly realized that in all probability their surface is the habitat of an insect of the *Coccus* family. This tiny creature is found on the orange skin in every stage of transformation, from the egg to the perfect insect, during the winter months, instead of remaining dormant in the cold weather, as is the case with most of the insect tribe. It would hardly be possible to find a St. Michael's or Tangerine orange that had not hundreds of these little creatures in various stages of development on their surface. Lemons, too, are frequently covered. Upon inspection, the skin of an orange will be found to be dotted over with brownish scarlet spots of various sizes. These specks can be easily removed by a needle; and when placed under a microscope, an interesting scene is presented, consisting of a large

number of eggs, which are oval white bodies, standing on end, like little bags of flour, some of the inhabitants of which may very probably be seen in process of emerging from the opened end of the egg. The female insect upon leaving the egg has six legs, two long hair-like appendages, and no wings; it thrusts a sucker into the orange in order to obtain nourishment, and never moves again, passing through the various stages of development until it lays its eggs and dies. In the case of the male insect, the chrysalis after a short period opens and the insect flies off. The male is supplied with wings twice the length of its body, and each of the legs has a hook-like projection. It has four eyes and two antennae, and is so tiny that it cannot be seen when flying.

From some parts of Spain, oranges come to us having their rind covered with a *coccus* of quite a different type. The surface of oranges, indeed, affords the possessor of a microscope an infinite amount of interest and amusement.

### A Common Error.

WE have lately noticed the following mistake creeping into print very often. A phrase like "Brooks' Arithmetic," "Venus' looking-glass," etc., is absolutely incorrect, even if partially authorized by custom. No one would think of pronouncing the above examples precisely as they are written. The rules for the possessive case cover all needed ground.

1. The Possessive Singular is formed from the Nominative Singular by adding apostrophe (') and s.

2. The Possessive Plural is formed from the Nominative Plural by adding apostrophe (') only when the plural ends in s, and the apostrophe (') and s when the plural does not end in s.

Hence, in the singular, the 's must be used. *Brooks's Arithmetic*, *Venus's looking-glass*, *sis's doll*, etc., are the only proper forms. There is but one exception to this rule; and that is, when the noun in the possessive case contains more than one s, or sound of s, and the next word begins with s, the s after the apostrophe may be omitted to avoid the multiplicity of hissing sounds. Thus "Jesus' sake" and "Conscience' sake" are correct.

There seems no difficulty about the possessive plural. We almost instinctively write *girls' dresses*, *women's shoes* to illustrate both parts of the rule.

M.

### Fan Painting.

THE *Art-Interchange* devotes, in a recent number, considerable space to a comparatively new branch of art—fan-painting—giving minute and careful directions for the work. "How extensively the art may be practiced," the editor remarks, "it is difficult to say, but before any one attempts it, it should be understood that costly fans are not objects of domestic use, for which the demand is unlimited, such as ceramic wares or certain forms of embroidery or carvings. Expensive fans are used only by the few, and cheap American hand-painted fans will not stand the competition of cheap foreign fans. Opposed to this is the special demand for such work. For bridesmaids' or other presents they are used more and more, as much as fifty dollars each for a set of

six being obtained for the painting alone. In addition to this is the cost of mounting. This would fully recompense the majority of artists who could execute satisfactorily such work—there being the decided advantage of the name not appearing unless the artist so wishes, as nearly all such orders come through large art dealers, jewelers and goldsmiths. If, however, a pictorial artist wishes to rest his reputation on exquisitely painted fans, there is no good reason why he should not send the fan before it is mounted to one of the large exhibitions, asking for it as much as he would for any work. In this light, fan painting is recommended to the attention of those artists who watch for opportunities, and take that tide which rolls on to fortune."

### Books Received.

The Summer and its Diseases, by James C. Wilson, M. D., Physician to the Philadelphia Hospital, etc., etc. Philadelphia: P. Blakiston, Son & Co. pp. 160. Price, 30 cents.

Training of Children, by Pye Henry Chavasse, author of "Advice to a Wife on the Management of her Own Health," etc., etc. Philadelphia: P. Blakiston, Son & Co. pp. 280. Price, 50 cents.

The Queen of the Kitchen, a collection of Southern cooking recipes, containing over one thousand Southern recipes on practical cookery, by Miss Tyson. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. pp. 412. Price, \$1.75.

Her Inheritance, by Laurie Loring, author of "Sunshine for Babyland," etc., etc. New York: National Temperance Society and Publication House. pp. 354. Price, \$1.25.

Wines, Scriptural and Ecclesiastical. By Norman Kerr, M. D., F. L. S., author of "Unfermented Wine a Fact," etc. New York: National Temperance Society and Publication House. pp. 138.

The Old Tavern. Fife and Drum Series. By Mary Dwinell Chellis, author of the "Brewer's Fortune," etc. New York: National Temperance Society and Publication House. pp. 73. Price, 10 cents.

Boys' and Girls' Temperance Text-Book. By H. L. Reade. New York: The National Temperance Society and Publication House. pp. 64.

Long Life, and How to Reach it. By Joseph G. Richardson, M. D. Philadelphia: P. Blakiston, Son & Co. pp. 160. Price, 30 cents.

The Lord's Pursebearers. By Hesba Stretton, author of "Through a Needle's Eye," etc. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. pp. 240.

Prince Hal; or, The Romance of a Rich Young Man. By Fanny Andrews, author of "A Family Secret," etc. Philadelphia: J. B. Lipincott & Co. pp. 350. Price, \$1.25.

Drugs that Enslave. The Opium, Morphine, Chloral and Hashish Habits. By H. H. Kane, M. D. Philadelphia: P. Blakiston, Son & Co. pp. 221.

A Summer in the Azores; with a Glimpse of Madeira. By C. Alice Baker. Boston: Lee & Shepard. pp. 174. Price, \$1.25.

The Stars and the Earth; or, Thoughts upon Space, Time and Eternity. Boston: Lee & Shepard. pp. 88. Price, 50 cents.

Hints and Helps for those who Write, Print or Read. By Benjamin Drew. Boston: Lee & Shepard. pp. 128. Price, 50 cents.

Taxidermy without a Teacher; Comprising a Manual of Instruction for Preparing and Preserving Birds, Animals and Fishes, etc. Boston: Lee & Shepard. pp. 56. Price, 50 cents.

Human Life in Shakespeare. By Henry Giles, author of "Illustrations of Genius," etc. Boston: Lee & Shepard. pp. 286. Price, \$1.50.

## Publishers' Department.

### SAVING DOCTORS' BILLS.

The treatment of diseases by Compound Oxygen gives by far the least expensive method of cure that is known to the profession. The cost of a "Home Treatment,"—\$15—which lasts for two months, or more, during which time the patient has the right of free consultation, either by letter or at the office of Drs. Starkey & Palen, in Philadelphia, bears no comparison to what a visiting physician must charge during the same period, to say nothing of the additional cost of medical prescriptions, which have to be purchased at a druggist's.

Then contrast the violence too often done to the delicate human organism through the administration of drugs—given to break the force of a disease, and which sometimes keep the patient lingering for months in slow convalescence, needing all the while a physician's care—with the revitalized condition of Compound Oxygen patients after using one or two Treatments, and the advantage on the side of the latter becomes more strikingly apparent.

There is no weakening of the tone of the stomach by drugs and no violent assaults upon any nerve or fibre in the body, but a gentle and subtly penetrating influence, reaching to the very centre of all the life-forces, and restoring them to healthier action. The natural result, under the Oxygen Treatment, must be that when a patient recovers he is in a far better condition to resist the causes which produce disease than the patient who has had the life-forces weakened through drug medication, and therefore far less likely to need a physician's attention.

A Home Treatment of Compound Oxygen, kept always on hand in a family, to be used in cases of cold, rheumatism, nervous depression, loss of appetite, neuralgia, or any general disturbance of the system, threatening an attack of disease, would not only save a large amount of sickness and suffering, and perhaps life, but often a serious amount of expense in doctors' bills and medical prescriptions. Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, will send their Treatise on Compound Oxygen free to any one who will write to them for it.



## OLD RELIABLE BRADBURY PIANO.

New Departure. No Middle Men.  
**Manufacturer's Prices.**  
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 Factory, Raymond Street, Brooklyn.  
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FREEBORN GARRETTSON SMITH.

## BRADBURY PIANOS

RECEIVED SEVEN PREMIUMS AND GOLD MEDALS IN FOUR WEEKS. OVER 16,000 IN USE.

The Rev. C. H. Fowler, Missionary Secretary, says: "In preference to any Piano made, we bought and use the Bradbury in my family. We all vote solid that it has no equal in workmanship, sweet tone, and every thing desired. May you always WIN in making the Best Piano in the World!"

The peculiar charm of this Piano is its adaptation to the human voice as an accompaniment, owing to its sympathetic, mellow, yet rich and powerful singing tones; in workmanship cannot be excelled.

From personal acquaintance with this House, we can indorse them as worthy of the fullest confidence of the public. We are using the Bradbury Pianos in our families, and they give entire satisfaction.

Bishop Foster,  
 Bishop Harris,  
 Bishop Wiley,  
 Bishop Haven,  
 Bishop Merrill,  
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 Bishop Peck,  
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Rev. G. H. Whitney, D. D.,  
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 Rev. O. H. Tiffany,  
 St. Nicholas Hotel, N. Y.,  
 Rev. Daniel Curry, D. D.,  
 Chancellor C. N. Sims,  
 Dr. Joseph Cummings,  
 Rev. J. S. Inskip,

Gov. Wm. Claflin, Mass.,  
 Admiral D. D. Porter,  
 Rev. A. J. Kynett, D. D.,  
 Rev. R. M. Hatfield,  
 Dr. J. M. Reid, Miss. Sec'y.  
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Dr. T. Dewitt Talmage: "Friend Smith is a Methodist, but his pianos are all orthodox; you ought to hear mine talk and sing. It is adapted to family prayers and the gayest parties who visit my home. Should have no faith in the sense or religion of any one who does not like them."

Bishop E. O. Haven says: "My Bradbury Piano continues to grow better every day, and myself and family more and more in love with it. All our friends admire it."

Bishop Simpson says: "After a trial in my family for years, for beauty of finish and workmanship, and splendid quality of tone, your Bradbury Piano cannot be equalled."

Dr. J. H. Vincent says: "For family worship, social gatherings, the Sabbath-school, and all kinds of musical entertainments, give me, in preference to all others, the sweet-toned Bradbury Piano. It excels in singing qualities."

The best manufactured; warranted for six years. Pianos to let, and rent applied if purchased; monthly instalments received for the same. Old pianos taken in exchange; cash paid for the same. Second-hand pianos at great bargains, from \$50 to \$200. Pianos tuned and repaired. Organs and Melodeons, to Sabbath-Schools and Churches, supplied at a liberal discount. Send for illustrated price-list. Pianos stored.

# ATTEMPTED ANALYSIS of COMPOUND OXYGEN.

*"It is a preparation of which chemists know nothing: it is not 'nitrous oxide or laughing gas;' it differs essentially from all substances used in medical inhalation. It contains no medicament, unless the elements of pure air are medicines; and its administration introduces into the body nothing which the system does not welcome as a friend, except with acidity, and appropriate as entirely homogeneous to itself."* COMPOUND OXYGEN. ITS MODE OF ACTION AND RESULTS. By G. R. STARKEY, M.D.

All the attempts which have been made to discover through analysis, the substance we call Compound Oxygen, have failed; because this substance is one of those which belong to a region of natural forces that lies above the grosser elements that respond to chemical tests.

The chemical solution in which we have been able, after long and carefully-conducted experiments, to hold this substance and transmit it for use, can, of course, be analyzed. But the magnetized substance itself is above and beyond the reach of the chemist. Its discovery, which marks the beginning of a new era in the healing art, was, indeed, made in the laboratory, and while experiments were being conducted with the substances well known to chemistry from which it was evolved; but the **SUBTLE ELEMENT** itself, after it had been evolved from these substances, when brought into certain relations and conditions, and then held in a chemical solution, cannot be discovered by subjecting that solution to the ordinary tests of quantitative and qualitative analysis.

In order to be assured of this, we submitted the solution in which Compound Oxygen is held, to probably the ablest chemist in the United States, formerly a pupil of Baron Leibig, and now holding the chair of Chemistry in one of our largest and oldest Eastern colleges. His analysis, while minutely accurate as to the chemical elements of the solution, failed to detect the **SUBTLE ELEMENT** which we knew to be there in full potency.

In regard to the professed analysis of Compound Oxygen which has been widely circulated in the newspapers, it must be noted, that in no instance which we have seen, has it been stated that the article so called was procured from Drs. Starkey & Palen. We know, from these published analyses, that either the solution tested by the chemist never went from our laboratory, or that the analysis offered to the public was so defective as to discredit the ability of the Professor who made it.

That there may be, and are, active substances in nature which cannot be detected by any of the tests now known to chemical science is beyond dispute.

We claim to possess the secret by which one of these substances, hitherto unknown, may be evolved and made eminently useful in curing diseases which have baffled the highest medical skill; and in proof of our claim, we point to the thousands of cases already successfully treated.

In the face of this array of indisputable facts which we offer in proof of the curative value of Compound Oxygen—facts open for verification to any who wish to have incontestable proof—there is neither force nor reason in the denial of potency to our Treatment on the simple ground of failure to find the subtle element it contains by means of tests which can only discover the well-known and for the most part cruder substances in nature.

The truth is, that chemistry, yet comparatively in its infancy, is at fault here, and fails to discover by any of its methods this new substance which we know to exist, and in the use of which we are curing diseases which no physician has been able to reach, arresting the progress of maladies which hitherto ended with death, giving ease from pain and suffering and sending strength and vitality into the weakened nerves and relaxed muscles of thousands to whom life had become a burden.

And chemistry is equally at fault in detecting the invisible malaria which vitiates the atmosphere and

sends sickness and death throughout whole districts of country.

It is at fault when it attempts to find the morbid element in small-pox or vaccine virus.

It is at fault, and cannot give a test whereby to discover the peculiar faint, or ridus, in which typhoid fever, scarlatina, yellow fever, diphtheria, measles, of the various so-called blood-poisoned diseases originate.

And it is at fault in any effort to discover in a homeopathic remedy the particular substance held in potency above the third attenuation.

Referring to the poison in hydrophobia and snake-bite, the *London Nature* says:

*"For it is to be observed that neither the microscope nor chemical examination has offered us any clue to the mysterious ingredient which constitutes the toxic property of these fluids as yet."*

And because chemistry is at fault in any or all of these instances, is that a proof that no malarial, pestilential, or infectious substances exist?

That they do exist we know too well; and if in the higher and more interior regions of nature exist subtle forces of an evil and destructive character, which no methods of analysis known to chemistry can detect, is not the fact itself conclusive that good remedial forces, by which these may be counteracted and neutralized, must exist also?

Every new discovery of universal application must and will touch the interests of individuals, and often of a whole class or profession. If, as we declare, the discovery of what we call Compound Oxygen has given to the world a new substance, in the use of which for the cure of diseases, all the deleterious effects of drug medication and violent reactive treatments are avoided, and in the use of which internal obstructions are removed and nervous centres vitalized, so that nature can herself do the gentle and orderly work of healing and restoring, such a discovery cannot fail to touch and seriously affect the interests of a large class of empirics and specialists, from whom will naturally come assaults and misrepresentations.

Happily for the community, and especially for that large and steadily-increasing class of sufferers from diseases which physicians fail to cure, Compound Oxygen was left free from assault and misrepresentation long enough for it to give incontestable proofs of its remarkable power over nearly all classes of ailments by which humanity is afflicted.

Whether any one of the preparations submitted for analysis came from our laboratory or not, does not touch the question at all. The chemical solution in which we have been able to fix, for use, the Compound Oxygen can be analyzed, as we have said; but no test yet known to chemical science can discover the presence of the new agent of cure for which this solution has been made a vehicle.

For the sake of suffering humanity, as well as in our own interests, we meet at once this question of analysis, and at the same time offer to send free our *"Treatise on Compound Oxygen;"* our pamphlet, containing over fifty *"Unsolicited Testimonials"* to its wonderful curative value from persons who have used it, and *"Health and Life,"* our Quarterly Record of Cases and Cures, in which will be found, as reported by patients themselves, and open for verification, more remarkable results under the Compound Oxygen Treatment in a single period of three months, than all the medical journals of the United States can show in a year!

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